

TOC H JOURNAL

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BEING GOOD VERSUS DOING GOOD

Since Pat Leonard's ambassadorial letters of vivid impression and happy experience in the early part of last year, Toc H in the United States has had little say in these pages. This, we hasten to add, has been more by reason of its own modesty than of our blue pencil, and we are very glad to print this live message from a live part of the world and Toc H, by the Jobmaster of Baltimore Group.

I AM going to be guilty, first of all, of doing the thing which good old Pat Leonard heard me do so many times while over here with us—so much so, that before every address which it was his misfortune to hear me give, he would always chucklingly say, “Don’t forget to tell your age, Gus.” So, here goes.

Your Obedient Servant, Jobmaster of Toc H Baltimore, is forty-six years old, and we state that sad fact for a very specific purpose. Men of this advanced age, aren’t, as a rule, startlingly interested in new ventures, particularly when they have come up along a fairly even existence in business and religious activities. And, all over those past years, I can regretfully say that the burden of my teaching in religious things seems to have been along the lines of so living as to become personally as good as possible, by which I mean, the teachings of churches at large, in the past, seem to have run more along the lines of telling one what one must do to live a good life, and these teachings all seemed to take the direction of building up reserves and fortifications against our own personal, particular besetting sins, and to do such things as would keep *us* from personally sinning. As I look back over this period, I can think of it only, for the most part, as having been a period in which I seemed to have lived a fairly normal Christian life, during which time I worked at business, at provincial local churches, and at various other routine organized ecclesiastical jobs which seemed to get no one anywhere, and which kept alive, to just this degree, my particular share in a local religious enterprise. While I cannot honestly have feelings of regret over having tried to be a very decent man, husband and father, yet I have very few recollections of having set the world afire in doing anything of a very specific nature for anyone less fortunate than myself. In other words, I was trying to *be* good, but from my present point of mental vantage it seems to me to have been a rather blamed selfish affair, and when you come to think of it, just *being* good is a mighty blamed selfish matter, and there is no dodging that fact.

Then, right in the midst of leading this rather self-righteous existence, along came Toc H, in the most natural way in the world, and hit me right between the

eyes. I will never forget the night. It was right here in Baltimore. I had been asked up to talk to the budding Group on the subject of "Scouting," with which I was actively identified, and when I saw the potential Group here, keen on this new idea of getting out and doing something for someone else, accompanied all the while with such a jolly spirit, so free from the usual smugness and self-righteous attitude, I found the atmosphere that I had been unconsciously looking for over the past years, and something most definite caught me that night, and there seemed to be something in the room, in the very atmosphere, in the spirit of things; and then, in the midst of all this, in pops a jolly implosion from the Washington Branch, bringing over Padre Gilbert Williams, who was over on a friendly visit. He sat back in a big armchair, pipe in mouth and hand, and at the conclusion of my talk, he spoke such words that sold me definitely for the rest of my life to the 'Toc H idea. And, from that moment on, I began to see and to feel and to want to do along the lines of forgetting myself and of wanting to *do* good. Well, by cracky, something began to happen right away. I soon found myself so terrifically busy with Toc H job work, and then shortly afterward, the rather vigorous activities of Jobmaster in a budding Group, with lots and lots of new contacts to be established, that I had very little thought of myself and my own little selfish aims toward simply being good, and I was in the midst of the miracle of finding that in doing good one is unconsciously or automatically being good all the while and doesn't have to waste perfectly good, God-given time in nursing one's self along toward the certainly-to-be-commended goal of getting Heavenward. Instead, through this glorious adventure of Toc H (for it has been to me indeed a most marvellous adventure), I find myself caring not a whit about my former concern that I be, oh, so smug and good, but perfectly satisfied to work out the rest of my life in mighty keen desire to get as much good *done* as possible, and somehow or other in all this scheme of things, with all its glorious adventure, its seeing the thing get done, its glow of happiness in *knowing* that we are actually doing the things that our Blessed Lord Himself did, and that every notch on the handle, as the jobs get done, makes this crumbly old world to that degree a very much jollier place to live in, and we are putting in the minds of men and women, refreshing knowledge that there are fellows alive still, who love to do some of the simple, and sometimes unpleasant, tasks through which bread and butter is brought to one, health to another, a new code of morals to another and peace and quietude in their latter days to others; and so the gamut runs. And the strangest part of it all is that one finds oneself not thinking very much about the reward and glories up yonder, but seemingly perfectly satisfied to let those sorts of things take care of themselves when our Blessed Lord calls us home.

I have been led to scribble off these few lines for the JOURNAL, first, because very little has been heard from us chaps on this side of the water, and second, to let you know that we haven't missed one single glory of the gorgeous traditions which you fellows over in England have passed on to us, and we cherish them in a most remarkable way. We honestly believe that this thing known as "Toc H" means just as much to us as it can possibly mean to you, and the conception of

it that we got at first, has been more than ordinarily enhanced by dear old Pat Leonard having lived with us for almost a year, and from him we caught a marvelous vision of what this could mean in the lives of men, and we are very humbly, yet aggressively, sincerely yet happily, carrying on until Toc H shall be known as well in America as it is known overseas.

In conclusion, just a word to my fellow Jobmasters in England and elsewhere. As we all know, Jobmastership is a perpetual drain upon the mental resources of the fellow holding down this job, and it might very well be that some of the job work that we have done here would be so refreshingly different from what you have done, and vice-versa, that a little happy correspondence between us would be refreshing and compensating to all concerned. I would love to hear from any of you and I am sure this applies to every Jobmaster here in America. Don't make us feel that we are so terribly isolated, for we are trying to be just as good Toc H-ers as you are, and we don't mean maybe.

H. L. V.



November the Eleventh

AS priests they were,
Whose privilege it is to stand between the people and their gods,
To ward off wrath by making of oblation,
To offer sacrifice for sins.

Yet had they no sacrifice to offer,
But themselves;
And this they gave;
Their blood poured forth to bring remission to the nations,
Their bodies broken for the people's guilt.

These were not of the sons of Aaron,
They were not born to saddle and to sword,
But counting-house and forge and field their birth thrall;
Yet, did they take too much upon themselves?

Fire fell from heaven and swallowed up their company.
The tortured earth was riven beneath their feet.
Their offering uncovenanted standeth;
And by their blood their brethren may go free.

T. M. G.

A Chapter of Everyman's Story

IN the little township of Lancash at about 11.45 a.m. on this fine October day, a big 30 h.p. Lancia, about the size of a "Black Maria," may be seen coming to a stop outside St. Mary's Parish Hall. Upon its grey sides appear the words "Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre." Mr. Denbigh, manager of a local bank, and Dr. Macduff, who has assisted him on behalf of the Literary Society to arrange for its visit, sum it up as "a rum-looking 'bus." It has seating at pretty close quarters for ten—and a possible eleventh on a collapsible pillar seat—in the saloon in front, and seems to carry almost everything in the world in the van portion at the back.

For about fifteen minutes after its arrival it resembles a beehive "in season"! Ten people of varying sizes and shapes—and a possible eleventh—emerge and march into the hall, to deposit the multi what-nots in which they have been swathed for the journeys. Miss Eleanor Elder, founder, joint-organiser, producer, touring manager and actress all in one, engages for a while in earnest converse with Mr. Denbigh and the doctor. These have been responsible for seeing that the hall is ready for use, distributing posters and handbills, securing Mr. Monmouth's stationery shop as an advance booking-office, and so forth. They now report the latest details to Miss Elder, and together they go into the question of "hospitality" for the company—which people are to stay where, meal-times, etc. Anything not mentioned in the preliminary instructions, which have been sent early on to the local organiser by the Arts League office in London, is now brought up and decided.

Meantime, Hugh Mackay, Scottish tenor, justly noted for his Gaelic songs, and a whimsical dynamo of energy, superintends the high-speed unloading of the van. Out comes a heterogeny which must be unique! Picture for yourselves a drum, parcels of programmes and pertinent literature, a small wooden bench and two stools; ten or eleven suitcases, and the same number of attache baby brothers containing the personal requirements of each member of the company for four months; nine large Japanese "skip" baskets and even more smaller ones, comprising the entire stage wardrobe and personal effects and "make-up"; one big wicker hamper for fragile dresses, etc., one smaller one full of "props"; a hat-box and a tool-box, and the Elder basket (so called because it once had a tag on it bearing that name) which holds anything too big to go in the tool box. Then (you're not nearly through yet!) two large wooden boxes with complete lighting apparatus, dual-fitted for electric or acetylene, and the precious switchbox, which subsequently is in—or, more simply, *is*—the "prompt-corner" beloved of all stage-managers since Adam—or was it Eve? The switches in this control all stage lights, and there is also a "dimmer." The main switch connects by a lead to a wall or floor plug where there is electric current laid on. Otherwise, acetylene is generated in special containers, the switchbox is stowed in some convenient place, and our electrician-actor has a

more anxious time and exists for the evening on the smell of carbide. Now we see folding chairs and tables, screens, an old golf bag for sticks and swords, and an ex-Army "hold-all" containing all the curtains forming the "set"—sides, back, borders and "tabs." Last, and greatest, comes the "fit-up" frame, a most ingenious affair, each section extensible.

The forward ends of the ladders and battens project under the seats of the saloon and are a matter of 12 ft. long, though capable of extension to 15 ft. or so for ladders, and for battens to nearly twice their own length, there being four ladders with hinged supports, four top battens and two side ones.

There is a "rostrum" (collapsible, though not during the performance!) and three steps, fitting into each other when packed, a painted canvas door, a fire-place in sections, and window frame if necessary—and, indeed, almost anything else—if necessary! The entire load is transported by the company, who do all their own work, from the car to the floor of the hall or to the dressing-rooms.

Now begins the job of "fitting-up." Floor-cloth down, tacked. Ladders erected, screwed into floor. Battens in place, swivels under battens, curtains on swivels, and "tabs" on main curtain batten across front. General effect, darkish blue, except for the language, seldom even tinged with "sky"! Back-cloth hung, borders across top, the ladders and "wing" space "masked" from the auditorium with blue hangings. Lighting fixed up—footlights, top and sides, spot-light where required overhead, and piano light. The time taken in fitting-up varies in accordance with the convenience, or otherwise, of the hall arrangements. It may be an hour and a half, it may be three; hence, taking also into account the time occupied by the morning journey, the company may be free to sleep, golf or talk, if not all three, after lunch, or there may still be work to do, simian-fashion, on the "fit-up."

Whichever the case, dinner or "high tea" occurs about 1½ hours before the advertised time of performance, and the players assemble at the hall for half an hour of final preparation, during which appearances are changed in that miraculous manner so admired by "the man-in-the-street."

From beginning to end, the performance comprises about two hours and twenty minutes of nimbleness! Take a typical programme. A cymbal is struck to herald a short speech of explanations and thanks, and subsequently to denote the start and finish of every item. There is no stage-manager, but some member of the company not concerned in the current item raises and lowers the curtain, and watches the "book" if necessary. Between items, those not changing for their next appearance clear and reset the stage, and a number-card is put out through the "tabs" by the person who was "on the last curtain." The printed programmes sold in the auditorium give the entire repertoire of the company, and details of authors or composers, producers and casts, each item being numbered.

There are usually about forty items, from which a choice of a dozen or so is made for each performance, with an eye to local conditions, tastes, and possibly requests. Items remain "in the bill" for a year, when others automatically

take their places. This entails three rehearsal periods of three weeks each, one before each tour in August, January, and at Easter, during which an average of three one-act plays and ten shorter items are prepared. Thus any town or village visited regularly every year sees an entirely fresh programme each time, with the possible exception of specially popular items, which may be revived after three or four years.

The first item to-night is perhaps a modern comedy with five characters, lasting some 25 minutes. Next a sailor's wife shows joy at her man's return in the dancing of a hornpipe. Meanwhile, the folk in the first play have hustled into their dressing-rooms (or room) and are changing their clothes and make-up completely. In five or six minutes from their exit in the first play, two of the men and one other appear curiously gowned to sing and mime "Dithering Ditties." Then a Cecil Sharp folk-song, in Watteau-like costume, powder and patches, the man and maid helping the story with rhythmic action, is followed by a group of Hebridean songs, by one who combines with the use of a silver voice the jobs of business-manager and wardrobe-master. Two sea-shanties by three men, with action quaintly devised, bring to an end the first half of the programme, and during the ten-minute interval, the programme-sellers offer post-card photographs of some of the items, copies of the plays and some of the songs.

Another playlet, serious or fantastic this time, is followed by a girl who tells, with descriptive piano obligato, how an "undaunted female" leaves domestic service, defies and kill's footpads on the London road, and becomes a gentleman's wife—all in 2½ minutes! Can she be the one that was so toothless and crack-voiced in the first play? She can! A loathly spider and a pert little shiney green fly in song and mime bring back memories of nursery songs; two minutes later comes a second group of tenor songs, not in Gaelic this time but in the sweetest and richest of Highland Scots tongue.

When the curtain next rises, a blue-green radiance fills the stage. "The Wave" enters, seeming hardly to be flesh and blood at all—a movement of silver and feathery foam, advancing and receding, lifting its crest and anon spreading the hem of its garment over the still-wet stones. Blended with it is the 1st Arabesque of Debussy, in the playing of which Sidney Young, the pianist, claims the closer attention of the audience; here, as in the singing items, he is a true "accompanist"—singer-readers will appreciate the worth of that. Now six "Costers" sing and show how the bystanders were "knocked in the Old Kent Road." The second interval is heralded by this note of hilarious gaiety, and followed by a play of village life, the atmosphere enhanced by the dialect of Devon or Yorkshire, or the shrug and gesture of the Lithuanian Jew.

The performance over, the audience set foot on the mundane pavement, and the air is full of excited comments. So seldom does anything new appear in Lancash—and then it's not always welcome!

In 45 minutes, the company disperses for supper and bed, leaving everything ready for loading into the Lancia at 10 a.m. sharp on the morrow. Their

evening has been one long rush from dressing-room to stage and back ; but though nerve and sinew may tire, the unflagging spirit of these players has brought them through eleven years of endeavour and achievement, and " Come again next year ! " speeds them on their morning way.

A final word or two to readers. This résumé of an A.L.S. visit typifies any of 200 days in the year. St. Mary's Hall may be any hall meeting A.L.S. requirements. Mr. Denbigh and the doctor represent any folk—of either sex—with time and enthusiasm for the " organising." The Literary Society may be any public-spirited group of people with ideals (for instance, Toc H—already organisers, in fact, for several years at Kirkby Lonsdale—or Scouts, Girl Guides, Rotary, Women's Institute, Public or Secondary School, as in quite a dozen cases) or even one single person, who will guarantee the expenses. The profits may go to the same group of people, or to any local fund in need. For stewarding and programme-selling, who better than Toc H or Toc Emmas, Scouts or Guides? Hospitality may be extended by anyone willing to give two or three meals and a night's lodging to one or more guests ; hotels are a possible alternative.

Lastly, readers are urged to go to these shows when they see them advertised, knowing that the aims of the A.L.S. are sound ; that the qualities of material and performance are alike high ; that, apart from an evening's enjoyment, ideas may be culled from this example of simplicity and economy in scenery, " props," furniture and costumes. The programme is so varied that it appeals to every taste, and there is about it all, whether comedy or pathos, fantasy, strong drama or utter absurdity, a clean freshness and spontaneity not always to be found in the ordinary theatre, music-hall or cinema.

Whether you live in Wigan or Winchester, Meigle or Manchester, Broadway or " Brummagem," or as far afield as Skye, if your interest has been aroused and you wish to know more, write to the Secretary, Arts League of Service, 41, Gloucester Place, London, W.1. (Telephone, Welbeck 9149.)

STEPHEN JACK.

THOSE GUEST-NIGHT FIXTURE LISTS

Secretaries are frequently in the position of having to rack their brains to find good speakers on worth-while subjects, who can present at their Branch or Group Guest-night yet another phase of Everyman's Story. And this is largely because they do not know that there are many societies devoted to constructive work of all kinds, which are very willing to bring their particular expert to the group. Here, for example, are two cases:—

✧ The Secretary of the British Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, Mr. P. L. Oliver, O.B.E., 5, Colyton Road, S.E.22, will be very glad to give his talk on *The Romance of Blood Transfusion* at Toc H meetings, amplified, where arrangements can be made, with a Blood Transfusion film. Such an evening may well result in the adoption by Branch or Group of one of the finest of Toc H jobs.

✧ Means towards international friendship and peace are more than ever of interest to-day, and language, as many of our own pilgrims and wanderers have found out during the past summer, is often a handicap towards the complete understanding which we all so earnestly desire. The British Esperanto Association is always willing to supply speakers or proposers in debates on the fascinating question of an international language, *Esperanto*. Secretaries interested should communicate with the Secretary, 142, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE AMATEUR TRAMP

In the October JOURNAL we printed the week's diary of a genuine down-and-out man on the road. We now follow this with the impressions of two undergraduates who, for the sake of an unconventional experience, sampled a couple of casual wards in Sussex.

MY friend and I started on our adventure about four o'clock one afternoon, and we were indeed disreputable. I think I was the worse, because my beard was of appreciable length, and to complete my facial appearance I had grimed myself with rust, dirt and oil, which gave me a filthy, tanned complexion. My legs and arms had been rubbed all over with muddy water, and my knees, one of which was visible through a hole in my trousers, were almost black. My shirt had been rolled in the dirt, and so I had a very unprepossessing appearance—except for a tramp. A waistcoat, jacket and a pair of trousers, all of which were black with grease, added further to the effect, and an old grey overcoat, now curled and fluffy, and a “gorblimey” scarf, were only equalled by a battered trilby hat, whilst my shoes and socks were in a class on their own. Like all tramps I carried a kit—a miscellany of junk ranging from cheese to soap, from a razor to a fork, and so my “get-up” was complete. My partner in distress—Sid Sayers as he was to be known—was not so repulsive, but equally effective. His clothes were fairly decent, but he had the filthiest “mack” I have ever—smelt.

We set out at Washington, and made our way slowly to Thakeham, soon realising the difficulty of our task. The heat was terrific, and whereas we had both been used to light clothes (we always went about in shorts) we were now burdened with at least three times the normal weight. But we went gaily on, all the time perfecting a story should we be questioned, and all the time perfecting what we considered to be “tramps’ language,” taking care to use sufficient and appropriate expletives on all possible occasions. By the time we had finished our adventure we had perfected our speech, and were afraid lest, on getting home, we should forget ourselves.

We arrived at Thakeham about a quarter past five, and enquired if “this was the spike,” as all tramps call the workhouse. Unfortunately, at Thakeham we met with our first rebuff. Whilst we were standing outside the spike, the master appeared, and told us that he couldn’t take us in for the night as that Union had been closed to casuals for fifteen years. This was “rather ’ard,” but on his information, we decided to go to Horsham, but did not relish the journey—which the master had put down at ten miles—and they turned out to be country miles. He offered to take us in for the night and give us some food if we would do a day’s work for him at lifting potatoes, but we, like most tramps, did not relish the thoughts of a hard day’s work, so said that we wanted to get on as much as possible as we were going “’oppin’.” But before we left we asked for something to eat. “Got a spot of summick to eat, Guv’nor?” “All right, wait there,” and he went indoors, to appear in a few minutes with bread and butter (real) for two. We thanked him profusely, and went on our way, walking in the middle of the road, eating this bread and butter, and followed by two dogs.

The journey to Horsham was the worst we ever experienced. I wore a pair of old, badly fitting shoes, and before we had gone a couple of miles Sid trod on the

heel of one of them, with the result that it went "clickety-clack, clickety-clack" as I walked along—"My Gawd, mate, we've got a blinking jazz band with us." At first we tried to stop lorries, but our luck was not in, and at least twenty passed, taking no heed of our signs. Then as it got late we tried private cars, and this also proved fruitless. The road we took was at least fifteen miles, and I have never felt such a wreck as I did on that night. Our feet were covered with blisters, and we were parched with thirst, for we had only had cold water to drink during our journey, and this accentuated our discomfort. We had money with us, but did not spend any, and our self-denial on that occasion gave some slight satisfaction. We literally staggered into Horsham, never speaking a word.

At about 10.30 we saw the lights of the Union, and it was then that our real adventures began. In the first place we couldn't find the entrance. We searched until we were tired of searching, and then decided to go through a hole in the hedge. This we did, and after walking around the gardens for a time decided to knock at a door of a glass corridor, which was part of the infirmary. By this time our weariness was forgotten—forgotten in the excitement of having arrived. Well, we knocked, and were greeted by the night porter.

"Hullo, and what do you want?" "Can we come in for the night, Guv'nor?" "Oh, and what way did you get in here?" "We came in fru an 'ole in the 'edge, Guv'nor; we couldn't find no gate, so we came in fru the 'edge." "Oh, did you, and do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to telephone to the police, to take you in charge for breaking into the workhouse!" "Blimey, Guv'nor, we didn't mean no 'arm. Some postman told us to go in there, Guv'nor. We came round the front 'ere, Guv'nor, but I ses to me mate, 'This 'ere's a gen'leman's 'ouse, this aint no spike,' so I didn't come in, Guv'nor." "Just you wait there, my men."

Although we had no objection to the inside of a workhouse, we strongly objected to the inside of prison. We waited, much perturbed, for at least ten minutes and then the porter reappeared.

"I've telephoned to the police, but they are too busy to come to-night, and so they are coming for you first thing in the morning." He made us go out the same way as we had come in—a proper "Bumbledum and Bumbledee," but finally we found ourselves in the casuals' department, and our baptism had begun. We were now too tired for nervousness and were rather enjoying our escapade.

"Take all your clothes off and put them in a bundle." So we took off our clothes, and tied them all up, except our kit and our boots, in our overcoats and put the bundles on the bench. "What's your name?" said the night porter to my mate. "Sayers." "John, Harry, or what?" "Sid," answered my friend sullenly. "How old are you?" "Twen'y-two." (We thought we mustn't appear too young.) "Where you from?" "Amberly." "Where you going?" "'Oppin'." Then he turned to me.

"What's your name?" "Ernest Holkam." (I dropped the "H" later.) "How old are you?" "Twen'y-four." "Where you from?" "Amberly." "Where you going?" "'Oppin'."

During this conversation the "tramp major" appeared—tramp himself once, but now taken on by the Union to look after the personal needs of casuals. In his hand he carried two large flannel shirts. We put these on, and noticed that they were clean and had been warmed, and that across the front was "Horsham Casual Ward—Male." They were quite respectable, and we had no qualms about them.

"'Ave we gotta 'ave a barf, Guv'nor," whimpered my mate. "No, all the 'ot water's gone, but you can 'ave a cold wash if yer like," said the tramp major. "Blimey, we don't want no cold wash," and so we were directed to our bedroom. Both of us were surprised at the cleanliness and the sanitary appearance of our ward, for that night we slept in a ward on our own, as the other was full up with other casuals. There was highly polished parquet flooring, and distempered walls, and near the door was a radiator, which had made the ward beautifully warm. It was totally different from what we had expected, and totally different from what we were to experience at Cuckfield. On the floor were two piles of bedclothes, and to the wall were fixed six spring mattresses, hinged up, so that when required they could be easily let down, and be used as beds. Naturally I expected that we could use these, and so unhinged the one to which I was nearest. The tramp major appeared and saw what I was doing. "There's thirty men in there sleeping without a bed," he said, pointing to the next ward. But I didn't understand him, and so continued. "There's thirty men in there sleeping without a bed." He shouted this time, and it dawned on me that we were to sleep on the floor. We examined our bedclothes and found three blankets and one bolster, which was terribly hard. So we made our beds, and whilst we were doing this the tramp major reappeared with two bowls of tea and handed them to us. I will never forget that tea. Our thirst was worth while, if only to experience the exquisite delight of quenching it. We retired to bed, happy, weary, excited men, with only thoughts for the morrow. The blankets were rough, and smelt of some disinfectant; the floor was hard, but not too hard to offer us some comfort; our bodies ached in every limb and bone, but not enough to keep us awake.

The first thing I remember next morning was a terrific thumping on a partition near which I was sleeping, and then seeing a line of tramps dressed only in flannel shirts, and scratching themselves in every conceivable place, streaming across our ward. We sat up in astonishment and then joined in. We got our clothes and dressed, made our beds, and then went to the wash-basins. We found tramps of all sizes and shapes and ages there, some washing thoroughly, others just sprinkling themselves, and some even shaving and grooming themselves with the exactitude of a man-about-town. We took the happy medium, for we did not feel like much exertion. We then went to the ward where the other tramps had slept, and sat down to await events and study our companions. They were indeed a mixed crowd; men who bore the mark of continual tramping; men whose appearance belied their mode of life; men who seemed down on their luck. But soon the tramp major appeared with the proverbial "bread and margo," and we all took a piece from the tray which he placed in the middle of the ward. Each man had two thick slices of bread, and on

one was a generous helping of margarine. I could not face mine, but my partner ate all his and seemed to enjoy it. Several other people recovered cheese from some filthy pocket, and so helped the bread on its way; others wrapped the bread carefully in paper for use on a future occasion; and some left their share in the tray. A few minutes afterwards we heard a shout, and all trooped out to the kitchen to get a bowl of tea, returning with it to the ward, which was then bolted. The tea in the bowl was about four inches deep, but the bottom of the bowl could be plainly seen; I tasted it and found that it had neither sugar nor milk, and greatly resembled washing-up water. The language about it was sufficiently strong to make up for any weakness! We waited in the ward for about an hour and a quarter, listening to the cross chatter between these men of the road.

They seemed quite cheerful, seeming to care little for the outside world, except perhaps to show some bitterness against the public in general. We heard scraps of conversation. "These talkies ain't done me no good. . . . Yus, I've got some Sheffield blades. . . . D'yer know the way to Dorking. . . . Prince of Wales! Blimey, the lion was dead when he shot it, they 'eld it up for 'im to shoot. . . . Any 'ow, they're marked Sheffield. . . . No, I ain't been to a bake up for a long time." And so they would talk until it was time to go out. The characters were plentiful, but the man who stands out in my memory was one who went from Union to Union on a bicycle. We were surprised that no task was given to us to do. Finally, at about a quarter to nine, the door was unbolted. We collected our kit and a generous supply of bread and cheese, and were let out to begin another day's walking.

Although our strength had returned our feet were in shocking condition, covered with blisters, and burning like fire. Our destination was Cuckfield, a matter of about eight miles, and although both of us had been used to walking for long periods we were loath to face this mere ramble. We jogged out of Horsham on a glorious summer's morning which gave promise of turning to a sweltering hot day, and that promise was not belied. Before we had gone far our discomfort was intense, but after a time the going improved, and with lively chatter the journey passed. I will not dwell on its incidents; how we were stopped as "suspicious characters" by a policeman; how we got into conversation with a farm labourer; and how that conversation "got home" to us, and made us appreciate labourers all the more; how we "scrumped" some apples from an orchard; how we bathed our feet in a stream, "a bubbling babbling stream of undefiled loveliness"; how we had to rest for over an hour in the afternoon; how great the effort was to pass "pubs." Sufficient it is to say that we arrived in Cuckfield at about a quarter past five—eight miles in eight hours. We didn't want to go into the "spike" straight away, so we sat down about half a mile from our objective and fed. I called at a house, but my request for hot water was refused, although cold was supplied, and so with bread and butter and apples we had a "igh tea." We "cached" our money and a few other things, and at about ten to six arrived at the "spike," and found that we had been beaten by about four other tramps, who were sitting in the portico awaiting entry. Like comrades we chatted until we were told to go in. The usual catechism took

place, and we gave in our kit to which a number was fixed, and a corresponding number given to us, and then were told to go to the bathroom. I have seen bathrooms—and bathrooms—but this was a “and bathroom.” In a room about fifteen feet square were two baths, made of some black tin material, mounted in wooden framework. In each bath was a tramp—as God made him—with water about up to his ankles. Two other tramps were undressing, and folding their clothes very tidily in a bundle. A noticeable thing was the care with which these men folded their belongings; a dirty neckerchief would receive the same attention as a maid would give to her mistress’s best linen, and no valet could have been more careful over trousers and jackets. We undressed and watched our predecessors bathe, and were amused at their efforts. A few flicks to send a little water over their legs, and they were finished, but not so with us. The water in which I washed was not clean. I think at least two had bathed in it before; but this did not deter me, for I sat down, and soaped and washed myself all over, much to the surprise of the tramp major who was watching us. Sid Sayers did the same. Towels were provided made of sack cloth, very rough but very invigorating, and when we had finished rubbing ourselves, we felt very clean and wholesome and prepared for the night’s adventure.

As usual we were provided with shirts, but these were very repulsive. They were lying in a corner, and when I put mine on I noticed dark stains down the front, as though tea or gravy had been spilt over it. It wasn’t up to tramps to grumble about them, so we put them on and wandered to our bed chamber. The first impressions were obnoxious, for the ward stank so that I didn’t think I would be able to stand it for the night, but after a time I got used to it. There were three tramps in bed when we arrived, the three of them talking and seeming to be at perfect ease, and quite used to going to bed at half-past six. It didn’t take long to make our beds.

Then in came supper. The tramp major brought in several bowls each containing a pint of “skilly,” and believe me or believe me not, I smelt it as soon as he came in the door. The sight of it was ghastly. In the first place the bowls were black and the liquid had bones and brown-coloured pieces of meat floating in it, all entangled with bacon rinds, and on the top was a layer of grease. I smelt it—and knew that I wasn’t mistaken in my first impression. Half the spoons were brand new, and the other half were black with age. My partner had a new spoon and he drank up his skilly. I can only put it down to the fact that he lives in digs in London! I wouldn’t face mine, so offered it to John Lee. “John Lee, 65, from Horsham going to Dorking,” who was lying next to my friend. In return he asked me if I could read. “Just a little mate,” I replied, and he produced a magazine of Wild West stories, which helped to pass the evening away. Then came the second course of “bread and margo,” and once more I couldn’t eat mine, but gave it to John Lee. John did well that night, for a man lying a few beds away called out, “’ere, John, is this ’ere fatty bacon any good to yer?” The bacon was all fat, and John couldn’t be bothered to cut it; he held the paper in which it was wrapped up to his mouth, and then pulled. It was a good struggle, but John won.

Then he turned to sleep, not to wake again until the morning. So Sid Sayers and I read the magazine, and listened to the general conversation. There were sixteen men in the ward, and the central personality was a Cockney from Wandsworth, a professed pickpocket, who had got into such hot water in his own district that he had had to take to the road. He boasted that one night he had "come acrost an 'undred quid easy, and so had a blinking good time for a monf, what wiv taxis and shows and beer." There was something likeable about this cheerful Cockney, who bragged of having been inside two prisons, though he was only twenty-two or three. He was undoubtedly lazy, and whereas John Lee had a job cutting wood for sixpence the next day, this man was content to live on his workhouse rations, and anything he could steal. There was another man who talked red revolution, but was even more noticeable for his terrible cough, which predicted an early death from consumption. Another man wasn't afraid to say what a waste this life was. All these tramps seemed to know a surprising number of places. "Hell's kitchen" at Portsmouth was familiar to all, as were different pubs and coffee stalls in London. We were also surprised at their talk. Their language was vile, but there was no filth spoken throughout the evening.

As time went on so the chatter died down, and all made efforts to get to sleep in preparation for the following day. I think that night was the worst I have ever spent, but I believe I had an hour or two's rest. Finally to my joy the tramp major shouted, and another day's labours were due to begin.

During breakfast some suggested that it was the custom at Cuckfield to keep casuals in until four o'clock in the afternoon. This did not please us much, but soon our fears proved to be groundless, for the tramp major came and ordered us out into the yards. So out we trooped, Sid and I leading the procession. Then we marched straight up to the day porter, who took us into a big room and told me to scrub it. "Is this your mate?" he asked. "Yus," I replied. "All right, you can do it together. You will find the buckets outside." So we got our utensils and set to work, Sid at one end and I at the other. Sid was very conscientious, for he righteously soaped and scrubbed each little piece, but I grew wise to this. At last we finished, and by this time we were fed up with scrubbing and moving old inmates from one part of the room to the other. So we sought out the porter and told him we had finished, to be informed that there was another room which required our attention. This room was about a third of the size of the other room, but much dirtier. We set about it lightheartedly, but before long had received enough education in this noble art. In all we had cleaned about one hundred and twenty-five square yards. Even then we were not allowed to go, but had to wait for half an hour before we were told to collect our kit. In the garden we noticed that most of the others were supposed to be hoeing, but the work they were doing was quite negligible. At about a quarter to eleven we called for our kit and supplies of bread and cheese, and were then discharged. Before I left, however, I asked the tramp major if I could leave my scarf and overcoat there, as the weather was so warm. I think he got a little suspicious at this, but said I could, and there they remain to this day, unless they have been given to some other tramp.

E. B. R.

SAINT FRANCIS AND TOC H

We are extremely glad, both for the sake of its subject and its authorship, to be able to print the article which follows. It was originally delivered as a talk to a Toc H audience by Canon J. E. le S. DAWSON, Rector of Chislehurst and the beloved Padre of the Group, who passed over last Spring. He was deeply devoted to the person of St. Francis and to the cause of Toc H. The beautiful photographs here reproduced were also his.

I WONDER if any or many of you have shared the thoughts about the past, the present, and the future of Toc H, which have often wandered through my mind. The present phase of Toc H is obviously one of transition. It is a process of rapid expansion, accompanied by organisation, systematisation and endowment. A constitution, with all its elaboration of rules, and multiplication of offices and committees, is being set up, and the thought must, I should think, have occurred to us, "Will the original spirit of Toc H really survive this materialising treatment?" For what drew many of us surely to Toc H originally was what we may call now its past, and that was essentially spiritual rather than material—or shall I say the spirit which was embodied in the material shape more or less accurately described as "Tubby." Tubby represents to us the very antithesis of the formal, the organised, the cut and dried, and the business-like. He was the Tubby of the *Tales of Talbot House*, who was able to draw our tears as readily as he provoked our laughter, the happy-go-lucky, the incalculable, the incorrigible, the impossible, the wholly-delightful person that, of course, he still remains. And Toc H in its beginnings was simply the similarly casual crowd of happy souls who felt the attraction of his personality, who revelled in the stimulus of his companionship, and longed to catch something of his spirit and his ideals, and therefore joined Toc H. But what would have been its future if it had just remained at that? Could it have looked forward to having any future at all? The questions are not merely speculative, they became practical and press for consideration and reply, and I suppose that the practical reply is being given in all this present work of organisation and constitution making. Are we then satisfied? Does not a further question at once arise? Will it be still the old Toc H which we have known and loved? Will the Spirit, which is after all the seat and secret of identity, find it possible to live and act in this extended and elaborated body?

Now it is at this point of my own anxious inward questionings that I have been met and helped by a parallel from history which offers, I think, a not too forced or far-fetched basis of comparison.

I have for many years had a great interest in the life, and a great devotion to the person, of S. Francis of Assisi. He was an altogether unique and inimitable personality, of whom we may truly use the words which I have just applied to someone else—happy-go-lucky, incalculable, irrepressible, wholly delightful—and he lived seven hundred years ago! Yet he still lives to-day. He has left his mark on the history of the world; humanity has felt, and still feels his influence;

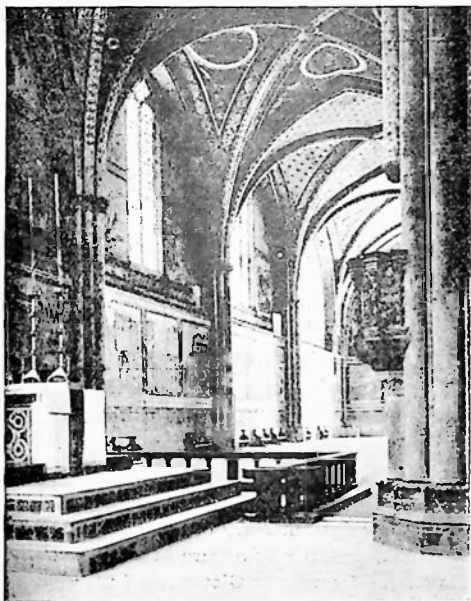
his name commands gratitude, reverence, love. How has this been rendered possible? I suppose the answer can only be found in the history of the great order, which in its many different branches, looks to him as its founder, however little he ever contemplated being anything of the kind. Yet it came about. The Person came to be embodied in a system, an organisation, an institution, and, however distasteful and unwelcome the process, in its initial stages, may have been to S. Francis himself, and however much we may lament the wide departure from his spirit and his ideals which his followers seem to have made, yet we must, I think, come in the end to feel that probably in no other way could the living memory of S. Francis and the lasting fruit of his life and work have been preserved.

And so I come to a short sketch of part of his life which I wrote indeed originally for another purpose, but which may, I think, possibly help you to a great knowledge and appreciation of the Saint himself, and also (if I am not too presumptuous in hoping it) lead you to find the help which I have found towards understanding and accepting the present course of the history of *Toc H*, and at the same time being hopeful for its future. Let me begin my sketch.

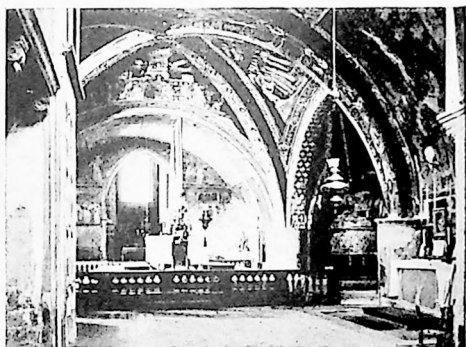
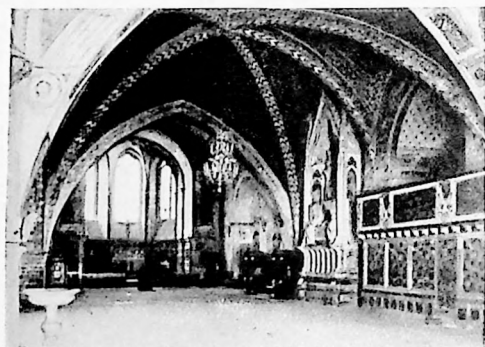
It was probably in the year 1182 that Pica, wife of Peter Bernadone, a wealthy merchant of silk and woollen goods in the Umbrian town of Assisi, gave birth to a son. The father was at the time absent on a commercial tour in France, a country which had great attraction for him. Pica had her son duly baptised in the Cathedral of Assisi, giving him the name of John, but her husband on his return insisted on giving the child the nick-name of Francesco (or Frenchman), by which (instead of his baptismal name) he seems ever after to have been called. This was presumably the first time that the word Francis was used as a name. Francis grew up in his father's house, a bright and lively boy, the acknowledged favourite of his companions, and his parents' pride. No wonder he was popular, for he had all the accomplishments which made for popularity—a good singer and dancer, a smart dresser, the leader of every festivity, profuse in hospitality, lavish in charity, “more like the son of a prince than our son” as his parents said one to another. So passed the happy years of youth. The first touch of the harder world, and the first step of that gradual transformation which is described as his conversion, came about in a war with the neighbouring city of Perugia, in which Francis was taken captive, and kept in prison for a whole year. An attack of fever followed on his return home, and the combined effect of these two misfortunes seems to have been a certain disillusionment as to the sufficiency of the world to satisfy the hunger of his soul. Still, with returning health he once more determined to seek martial glory. But happening to ride forth one day in all the magnificence of his new equipment, he fell in with a knight whose shabby dress betokened the pinch of poverty. Straightway Francis made over to him all his own costly clothes, and that night he had a dream in which he saw a grand palace full of shining armour, the abode of a fair bride destined for himself. Mistaking the nature of the message, Francis set out next morning from his home, and went as far as Spoleto, but here a further message came to him in his sleep bidding him return home and await his call. Back he went unhesitatingly,

and back, too, for a time, to his bright happy life of feast and song, yet now there was a strange undercurrent of thought and abstraction, which puzzled his companions. One day it struck one of them to charge him with being in love, and then, with a sudden and unexpected seriousness, Francis gave an answer the full meaning of which was at the time scarcely apparent to himself, "Yes, in truth," he said, "I am thinking of taking a wife more noble, more beautiful, more rich than any ye have ever seen." And so it was that there came into his life the ideal vision of that Lady Poverty whom he delighted afterwards to call his bride, and whom he served throughout his life with an ardent devotion that no other lover has ever surpassed. The steps of his entire conversion now moved more swiftly. On a pilgrimage which he paid to Rome he was seized with a desire to enter more fully into the lot of the poor, and calling aside one of the many beggars outside St. Peter's he hired his tattered rags, put them on, and all that day he stood at the church door among the other beggars asking alms of those who passed in and out. He never lost the new feeling of kindness with the poor which he thus gained, and on his return home he became more than ever profuse in the charity which he bestowed on them. He next set himself to overcome the natural repugnance which he felt for the disease of leprosy. Francis knew no half measures. A leper met him one day as he was returning from a ride and begged an alms. Francis dismounted and placed money in the leper's hand, then took that hand and kissed it. Then clasping the leper in his arms he himself received from the leper the kiss of peace. From that moment Francis never looked back on his old ways: in the leper's embrace he plighted his troth to the new life in which poverty and suffering were to command the devotion and service of his whole heart.

It was now that the decisive call reached him. Kneeling in the half ruinous Church of S. Damiano, which still stands half way down the hill among the olive groves outside the city walls, Francis heard a voice coming as it seemed from the Figure of the Saviour on the Cross: "Francis, go and repair My Church which as thou seest is wholly in ruin." Francis, though he recognised the voice, mistook again its meaning, and applied it to the material church in which he knelt. Rushing home, he seized a valuable bale of his father's goods, put them on a horse, and set off to Foligno, where he sold goods and horse and then trudged back ten miles to Assisi, and laid the proceeds of the sale before the priest who served the little church, desiring him to use the money for its restoration. The priest thought it prudent to refuse the offer, and Francis in disgust flung the bag of money into the window-sill of the church and left it there, whilst he himself took refuge for a whole month in a neighbouring cave. When at last he emerged, he was a very different figure from that of the well-dressed young man who had been so familiar a sight in the streets of Assisi; nor was his reception less different. The former favourite was received with jeers and hooting, and finally with mud and stones. In the midst of all this his father came upon the scene in a fury of rage, dragged him home, flogged him soundly (though he was now 25 years old) and locked him in a cupboard. Needless to say, as soon as his father's back was turned, his mother let him out, and he then left his home never to return to it



ABOVE: The Entrances to the Upper and Lower Churches at Assisi, and the Convent through the cypresses.
 BELOW: The Interior of the Upper Church, and the Chapel at La Verna, the rock in the foreground being the supposed spot where Francis received the stigmata.



TOP : The Convent at Assisi, and monks on the road to the church of S. Mary of the Angels nearby.
 CENTRE : Monks in procession entering the Chapel of La Verna, and the Courtyard of the Monastery.
 BOTTOM : Two pictures of the Lower Church at Assisi with the frescoes of Giotto round the walls.

again. His father seems now to have been willing to part with so inconvenient a son, but he still clamoured for the restoration of his money. Francis recovered the bag containing this from the rubbish where it had been lying, and in the open square before the Bishop's palace, and in the presence of the Bishop who had been called upon to give judgment, he cried thus, "Not only the money, but everything that he can call his, even the clothes I wear," and forthwith off came his garments one by one, and on the top of the pile he placed the bag of money. Then standing in nothing but a hair shirt, or as some accounts say, in nothing at all, he thus protested: "Bear witness all. Up to this time I have called Peter Bernadone father. Henceforward I will only say, our Father which art in Heaven."

This was the crisis of his life, and from his great renunciation then made, and his entire surrender of everything once accomplished, Francis never went back. In the first instance he set himself afresh to the work of rebuilding S. Damiano. This he now carried out with his own hands, assisted by some friendly peasants and using material which he begged in the streets of Assisi.

The name of Francis will of course be ever associated with the great Franciscan Orders which look back to him as their Founder; but it is important to realise that Francis never set out with any idea of such a foundation. Never did anyone commit himself more simply and unreservedly to the guidance of Divine Providence, holding himself in readiness to obey each revelation of God's Will as it was vouchsafed to him. His one idea was to live as far as possible the life of Christ on earth, to be wholly possessed by his love, and like Him to glorify the Heavenly Father in all things, like Him to love, and to do all that might be done to save his fellow-men. And so in the midst of all that the world would judge most miserable and distasteful, Francis trod the earth, and at the same time breathed the atmosphere of Heaven. His heart still overflowing with irrepressible joy, delighting in all the beauty by which he found himself surrounded, singing as he passed along the Umbrian roads, still the poet and the minstrel, only humbled and sad when he came back to think upon his own unworthiness of all the love which God had vouchsafed him. Gradually there came to him those on whom the witness of his life had its irresistible effect. Francis welcomed them not as followers and disciples, but as brothers inspired by the same ideals and fired with the same consuming love, and he soon infected them with his own spirit of joy. The story is told how he reproved one of them for looking so gloomy: "Why showest thou outwardly this sadness on account of thine offences? Keep this to thyself and God only, and pray Him of His Mercy that He forgive thee, and restore to thy soul the healthy joy whereof it hath been deprived as a punishment for thy sin. But before me and others be heedful ever to have cheerfulness, for it becometh not a servant of God before his brother or any other to show sadness and a troubled countenance." So the brotherhood began. I cannot now attempt to trace its growth which during the next 10 years was rapid and irresistible. It was with only 12 companions that the Saint in 1209 or 1210 journeyed to Rome and then with difficulty obtained the sanction of their Rule from the great Pope Innocent III. But only about 10 years later it is said that 3,000 (sometimes the

figure is put at 5,000) brethren assembled for the Chapter of Mats (as it was called) at S. Mary of the Angels. Nor was this all. Long before that later date, on Palm Sunday night in 1212, the Lady Clare of the noble house of Scefi left her home and vowed herself to Christ and Poverty in the presence of Francis and the brethren. A child in years (she was not yet 18) she was no child in character or in capacity. S. Clare was one of those remarkable women in history, possessed apparently in double measure of that great endowment of womanhood, the power of personal influence, and yet more remarkable among such women in that she never used this endowment for any purpose save the holiest and the best. She became the Foundress of the Second Order, or order of the Franciscan nuns—still called the Poor Clares—and after a short time she was established with her sisters in the little Convent of S. Damiano. Hers was a soul more fully than any other in accord with the soul of Francis, and her influence upon him was probably greater than that of any other person who came into his life.

Here, then, we have reached a point at which we can begin to see that there was a problem which was bound sooner or later to arise, and which when it did arise could not be faced and solved without the gravest difficulty and risk. It is in that problem and its solution that, as I have said, I seem to see a parallel for the consideration of Toc H. In order to glance at it I must break off from attempting to follow further the course of S. Francis' life, and in doing so must leave unmentioned many of the delightful stories which illustrate the unique charm of his character—his love of his brother men, his desire to serve them, his sense of a far wider kinship with all creation, his power of attracting animals to himself, above all his consuming love of God. We must come to think about the problem which was to confront him as to the future of his followers, and the preservation of the fruit of his work. I have already said that the position of the Founder of an Order came to S. Francis by no seeking of his own, but no doubt greatly to his own surprise, and often to his serious embarrassment. Such, however, was the magnetic influence of his personality that wherever he went, and among whatever people he moved, souls who were capable of being attracted to a high ideal gathered to his side. For a long time, while the brotherhood was growing, the influence of the personality of S. Francis was at once its main bond of union and its real governing power. But it was obvious that if that growth was to continue at so rapid a pace the time would soon come when the limit of the force of that personal influence would be reached; and so it happened. I have just mentioned that several thousand brethren attended the Chapter in 1219 or 1220. To a large number of these Francis must have been personally unknown, and many of them, no doubt, saw him only for the first time on that occasion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that already there were many gathered into the brotherhood who had but little understanding of, or sympathy with, the exalted unworldliness of his ideals, his continued insistence on absolute poverty, of his refusal to allow the brethren the acceptance of any ecclesiastical preferment. Here were the beginnings of a struggle which had to be fought out to some definite conclusion. About this time S. Francis started off on his journey to Egypt, in order to attempt the conversion of the Mohammedan Sultan

branches of the Franciscan Order. On the one hand the Observants and the Capuchins who after the Saint's death most resented and opposed the alterations and relaxations of the original Rule of Elias, whilst on the other hand the Friars Minor form a body who are, as it were, the lineal descendants of those reforms. Anyone wishing to have the two points of view put before them with ability and attractiveness should read two books (no doubt among many others) *The Life of S. Francis* by Father Cuthbert, a Capuchin Friar, and *Franciscan Italy* by Harold Goad, an Englishman who has lived a great deal in Assisi, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting on the occasion of my last visit there.

To sum up, I would say that the conclusion to which I have been brought myself is this: however much one may regret sentimentally the transformation of the original brotherhood, as S. Francis conceived and started it, into a great Religious Order such as he strove for long to prevent it becoming, it may be doubted whether the memory of the example and inspiration of S. Francis himself could have been so well preserved or exercised so wide and lasting an influence on human life in any other way. And it is this conclusion which seems to give me a good hope that in the constitution and organisation of Toc H those who are responsible for its government are really taking the best steps available for the perpetuation of the Spirit of its first beginning.

J. E. le S. D.

WHY THE JOBMASTER?

This challenging talk was given by an ex-Jobmaster, at an East and West Suffolk District Guest-night.

WE have one common ground from which we can start any article on Toc H. We are all desperately keen on Toc H: we love it probably more than we have loved anything before. We must, however, remember that Toc H is a growing organisation, young and active, so don't let us be frightened if we find that there should be changes in its character. We ought to expect changes where a young and growing body is concerned, and I believe that we ought to find changes in the character of the Jobmaster more than in any other part of the Toc H organisation.

Briefly, I hope to divide my subject up into the following spasms: (1) What is Toc H out for? (2) From that, where does the jobs side come in, looking at the movement as a whole? (3) Where does the Jobmaster come in, if at all? (4) What is his relation to the abstract idea of jobs, and to the Branch and his other officers?

What then is Toc H out for? Let us look at the Charter. Section i says: "To preserve among men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of Fellowship and Service manifested by all ranks during the Great War. To encourage amongst the members of the Association the desire to perform, and to facilitate the performance of, all kinds of social service." Toc H then is not solely out for service. It is not a Social Service Bureau. Its first object is to transmit a tradition—something intangible—to spread the Toc H atmosphere if you like, to create amongst its members, and through them in the outside

world the Toc H spirit of friendship, fair-mindedness, self-sacrifice, and hatred of class antagonism. Now turn to the 1930 Diary. "The first work of Toc H is to preserve and pass on the true spirit of Christian comradeship as manifested by all ranks during the Great War. This it seeks to do through the corporate life of Marks, Branches and Groups, the individual member becoming so fulfilled with the spirit, that he is an active germ-carrier." And then, later on: "Toc H Service is based on comradeship, and is a natural expression of the spirit fostered between the members. Thus the service performed is not merely humanitarian, but is definitely dependent upon the Christian faith." Doesn't this give us the true position of jobs in Toc H? Toc H service is a natural expression; it is not even our primary objective. Jobs are of secondary importance, and we do them, not because we think we ought to do them, but solely because Toc H gives us the desire to do them. I think that all of us, Jobmasters especially, should keep this idea of jobs before us; particularly so if we are going to get clear the position of the Jobmaster, and his relationship to the Branch.

The primary objective of Toc H, then, is not jobs; the primary object is to change the attitude of members towards their fellows; somehow to make us ordinary blokes feel that Christian principles are not only right, but workable, something we can put into practice, and so make us want and long to give ourselves to other people, to dedicate not just our spare time, but our whole life, to the service of others. And if Toc H succeeds in this, then and not till then must there be an outlet for this attitude, and then and not till then do jobs become essential as that outlet.

The Pilot, the Secretary, the Padre, and the old members are of more importance than the Jobmaster. They are the ones who are going to effect this change, they are the fellows who will build up this new tradition in a Branch. In the past we have placed far too much emphasis on the Jobmaster, with the result that the average Branch has not built up any traditions at all. All it has to show is a number of unusual jobs done, but not a change of attitude in its members. The fellow who has no right in Toc H is not the fellow who does not want a job at a particular time, but the fellow who never gets the desire to do a job. It may take time, but I think it is better to wait unjobbed, than to rush at a job without one's heart behind it. I believe we should remember this, especially when we are passing new members; the important report is not that of the Jobmaster, as to what the probationer has done, but the report of the Pilot, as to what he is likely to do in the future.

I hope I have made tolerably clear what I believe to be the place of jobs in Toc H. If this is true, what of the Jobmaster? Where does he stand in Toc H? What is the old, or perhaps the usual, idea of the Jobmaster? He is looked upon as a fellow who rushes round looking for jobs, always with a job up his sleeve at meetings, for ever fitting round pegs into round holes; in effect, spoon-feeding the members, and doing something that each individual member should be doing for himself.

I believe this is all wrong; that the Jobmaster is very largely a relic from the babyhood days of Toc H. For having grown out of babyhood, Toc H saw

that the Jobmaster was part of that babyhood, and introduced the Pilot. And as we continue to grow, I believe that we ought to dispense largely with the Jobmaster, or at least degrade him from the Secretary class to the office-boy category. You may think I am going too far here. Perhaps I am. But if it is rather an unusual attitude, I am adopting it only because I am terrified lest we continue to place too much emphasis on the Jobmaster, and so lose the true meaning of Toc H, and what it stands for.

I will try to explain what I mean by saying that the Jobmaster is a relic of the babyhood days of Toc H. A Grope naturally looks upon jobs as the centre of the Toc H. Its eyes have not yet been opened. A Group also has this attitude at start, but after a year or two, it suddenly discovers that Toc H, besides including service, makes us feel that fellowship and self-sacrifice are quite living and real things; that the Toc H atmosphere is not all atmosphere. In other words, the influence of the Pilot is taking effect. The Jobmaster is still necessary in the Group stage to introduce individuals to jobs, and then later to try to show what is the meaning and reason for these jobs, but he is now treading perilously near the preserves of the Pilot. After two years or thereabouts, upon approaching the Branch stage, the Toc H unit should be realising the deeper things behind Toc H; if it has succeeded as a Group it should have found that the Toc H family, Toc H fellowship, the meaning of the ceremony of Light, with its emphasis on self-sacrifice, are realities. And at this stage, the Jobmaster's work is done, or nearly so. If the Branch is sound, its members will have found that Toc H not only gives one a job, but also shows one the reason for doing that job, and eventually creates the desire for service. If this is not so, if this desire for service has not been created, then the Branch is not sound; it has placed too much, not too little, emphasis on the Jobmaster; it has built up an artificial system of service, and not built up the underlying realities of Toc H, upon which true and permanent service depends, and of which it is the natural outcome. But in a sound Branch of some years' standing, service should follow automatically as a result of the contact of the individual with Toc H, not necessarily with the Jobmaster. Each member in a sound Branch will become his own Jobmaster. He will have developed the habit of looking out for jobs, and will not wait for the Jobmaster to fit him into his appropriate round or square hole. He does the job when he finds it, or if it is too big for his own efforts, he may tell the Jobmaster. But it does not matter very much whether the actual finder of a job, or the Jobmaster, brings the scheme to the Branch.

If a Branch has reached this stage, there seems little need for the Jobmaster. He has become unnecessary where individual jobs are concerned, and as for corporate jobs, the persons who discover a specific need are usually the most enthusiastic for seeing that it is carried through. It is also a good thing that as many as possible should be given the opportunity of organising corporate jobs, if we are ever going to create leaders.

You will say that we must have a Jobmaster, for new members in a Branch must be shown the meaning of Toc H, and the meaning behind jobs, just as a Grope or Group must discover its meaning. But with the help of the Pilot,

and the practical example of the old members, this ought to be achieved without the need of a Jobmaster. Every member should feel his responsibility towards a new member of the family, and should take a share in bringing him up properly. And the same applies to the shy member, for it is by the family life of the Branch that the shy member will be won over, and it is by the enthusiasm of the old members that the new and shy members will eventually find the desire for service.

I don't want to abolish the Jobmaster absolutely, only the old-fashioned type of Jobmaster. I believe that there will have to be someone responsible for the service side of our Branches, but he will be of far less importance than the Pilot. The Jobmaster should, of course, be working hand in glove with the Pilot, endeavouring by example and conversation to awaken in members a desire to undertake service, just in the same way as the Pilot should be awakening this desire by his talks on the history of Toc H, and the meaning behind it all. But I don't believe the Jobmaster can awaken this desire by throwing new members, as it were in a raw state, straight into jobs.

The Jobmaster's duty should primarily, then, be with the new members; the old ones should be in no need of him. He must also collect the brain-waves that arise, and which would be forgotten unless there was someone who felt a responsibility for letting nothing slip; he should go quietly round to see that fellows are keeping up to the mark, or rather more, he should be the person to whom members should feel free to turn when they come up against difficulties in their jobs. Possibly he should be the person to organise experiments, so that there may be a scapegoat if things go wrong.

However, the Jobmaster is here in Toc H for some time yet, so what should be his duties in actual practice? I have tried to show that he ought to leave actual individual jobs to individuals, and to concentrate more on creating a desire in individuals for jobs by other methods than pitching them at once into a job. His main activities should be with corporate jobs. He will be the person who receives applications for help. Having received them, don't let him burst himself in trying to run them all himself, but like a good organiser, detail other fellows off to the actual organisation of corporate jobs. So that the Jobmaster should really have an easy time. Directly a corporate job is thrust upon him, he finds someone else to take it away from him, and so builds up a team of real leaders. Don't let him interfere very much once he has given the control of a job into someone else's hands, for the Jobmaster should only co-ordinate the various activities of a number of persons who are in effect assistant Jobmasters.

But above all, don't make him into a person who rushes round looking for jobs, and is frightfully upset because he can't find any. If a Branch can't find any jobs, it is not the fault of the Jobmaster, but the fault of the whole Branch. A good Branch will never be in need of jobs, rather the opposite.

But if we stick to the old-fashioned Jobmaster for ever, we shall get into the habit of letting him find out the needs of our district, and we shall not acquire the habit, which it is surely the aim of Toc H to create, the habit of seeing, without being told, what needs doing. And then, if our Branches have been of any use at all, we shall instinctively "Leap with joy to any task for others."

W. H. H.

THE FUN OF THE FAIR

Exactly two years ago, in November, 1928, there appeared in the JOURNAL, under the engaging title of "Swings and Roundabouts," the story of an attempt to open a new kind of Talbot House at West Country fairs, where all ranks of showmen, from the proprietor of the Scenic Railway to the boy at the roast chestnut barrow, might enjoy the comfortable comradeship which had bound men together at Poperinghe a dozen years before. This found an echo in the December issue of last year with the mooring of a Showmen's Auxiliary to Toc H, and now the Padre of Ilminster Group here contributes the sequel to a bold experiment.

BRANCHES and Groups in small country towns often complain of the difficulty of getting jobs, and one feels that it may interest them to hear of a job being done in many parts of the West Country.

At Gloucester, Yeovil, Bridport, Crewkerne, Ilminster, and other fairs, we run a Toc H Showman's Rest House. The scheme was either to borrow or hire a suitable building near the fair ground, or, failing this, to hire a marquee, and to make the place as homely as possible by introducing pictures and comfortable chairs, and, to set men at their ease, hanging up the old Toc H "proverbs." At one end of the room we had a small table draped with the Union Jack and placed upon it the Rushlight surrounded by flowers. This was the sacred spot and the table was used for no other purpose save as an Altar at the corporate Communion on the last Sunday morning. The "bill of fare" was simple. The canteen sold tea, bread and butter, biscuits and cakes, and the only cooked food was boiled eggs.

The Rest House was kept open day and night, and this was more or less a necessity, for men like a morning cup of tea before starting work at 8 o'clock, and they like to come in for a meal at the close of their day, which ends when the pleasure seekers have gone home for the night. The last night of a fair, too, usually means packing up and men coming in between two and three in the morning. So the average Branch or Group will need a man who can stay night and day in the "House." We have had the services of "Okey" Smith, of Bristol, and he is our link with the showman, as he is known to all the old hands who travel this part of the world.

Three questions will be asked by anyone contemplating such a venture. What practical purpose does it serve? Is it appreciated by the men? Does it fulfil the purpose of Toc H?

The practical side. Many are under the impression that all the showmen have their caravans and sleeping accommodation and food found for them. This is not so. Ilminster Fair is quite a small one, and on the first night there were twenty-three men unable to find lodgings. These men slept in the Rest House in the deck chairs. This meant also that there were twenty-three men who had to find meals and somewhere to go in their leisure hours. The Rest House was able to provide for their needs. One might add here that the police made full use of us and directed men to the "House" as the only place for lodgings, and also much appreciated the fact that the men were not left to wander the streets after the fair closed.

Is it appreciated? This side is felt rather than explained. A little show-girl said, "I like Ilminster because Toc H is here." We ran a separate show for the youngsters. One young Devonshire lad, whose home broke up some two months ago when his mother died, said "You have done so much for us that I am going to pass round the hat," and had to be told why Toc H was doing the job. When we came to the end of the job the men were anxious to know whether we had cleared expenses, for, if not, they would have a collection to help us out.

What of the bosses? They were suspicious last year, but that is now breaking down. One manager gave us an unasked donation, and one of the bosses carried our chairs over to Crewkerne and offered to drive "Okey" over in his car.

Does it fulfil the purpose of Toc H? One thing was obvious to all—the men were mystified. The many questions asked by them showed that they have not only been made to think but also that they had talked it over amongst themselves. "It is charity," said one man, and was

told we should be very disappointed if we could not balance our accounts at the end. Two men strolled in one day and shouted, "Okey, this isn't a Roman Catholic show, is it?" and after explanations turned to his chum with "I told us so." The presence of a Padre seemed to turn men's minds back to their younger days and home life. They spoke of the time when they attended Church and Sunday School, of the parsons they had liked and disliked, of their horror of the raving Gospel preacher at the street corner and the pious visitor who left behind a bad taste for religion. One man told the writer of a religious sect which was the cause of him losing his "life" (character) when they interfered in a family quarrel. One got the impression that the Gospel had never been truly presented to these chaps. Yet one heard now, "Padre, I'm not a religious sort of chap, but can I join Toc H?" One of our lodgers, new to the road, said, "This is just the thing our boys want, something to mellow their lives."

Again there was the ceremony of Light, followed by the Toc H prayer. There was no difficulty here, the men gathered round, and, day by day, the response, "And glorify our Father which is in Heaven," grew louder. The men had accepted the ceremony and had made it a part of their evening. This was most obvious one night when there were only three Toc H men present, but a visitor would have thought that every man was a member. We feel this job is worth while and we pass it on to any who would care to try a similar venture in their town.

IN MEMORIAM

Lord Brotherton of Wakefield : a Benefactor of Toc H

When Edward Allen Brotherton passed over on October 20, at the age of 64, Yorkshire felt the loss of a very remarkable and outstanding personality, who had done notable service in many departments of its industrial and social life. Beside his great benefactions to Leeds University and to hospitals and the Church in his own county, there stands his generous gift to Toc H, which sets the Yorkshire Area on a firm footing such as no other Area can yet claim. Just a year ago Lord Brotherton wrote "to announce his intention of making a gift of £25,000 to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales Endowment Fund for Toc H to endow Toc H in Yorkshire, and also of providing a house in Leeds to be at once a Toc H Mark or hostel and the headquarters of Toc H in Yorkshire." On November 8, 1929, Lord Brotherton was received by the Patron in order to announce his intention in person, and on December 7 the Patron's reference at the Albert Hall to his munificence was greeted with acclamation by the great Birthday gathering of the Family. Unhappily Lord Brotherton was not well enough to be present himself, but in his last long illness his interest in Toc H did not fail.

At his funeral the members of the Leeds Branch paid a spontaneous tribute, which was widely noticed and greatly appreciated in Yorkshire. His body lay in state during the previous night in Leeds Parish Church, and as it was brought into the church the Vicar of Leeds lit the Branch Lamp and the ceremony of "Light" was held. Leeds members, relieving each other in small parties every two hours, then held a vigil beside the coffin and before the lighted Lamp throughout the night. The Central Executive, the Yorkshire Area Staff and the Leeds Branch were represented at the funeral service itself, for Lord Brotherton had served Toc H in a manner which will not be forgotten.

William Gurney Rothery : a Friend of Toc H

Without the willing and enthusiastic help of Mr. Rothery, for 20 years Secretary of the Royal Choral Society, the Birthday pageantry of 1925, 1927 and 1929 at the Albert Hall could scarcely have been undertaken. His death, after a very short illness, has deprived Toc H of a most kindly friend.

THIS SCHOOLS STUFF !

WHAT is the Editor thinking about ? Four whole pages of the JOURNAL wasted on a list of schools and of people bearing the uncouth titles of school correspondents and representatives ! And at the same time the account of our Branch Birthday cut down to four lines. What possible interest can this schools stuff have for the ordinary member ? Really the Editor might have some sense of proportion ! Besides, why all this fuss and special arrangements about public school boys ? Is class-consciousness creeping into Toc H ? If so what becomes of " Abandon Rank " ?

Ordinary members—self-styled—is that what you are thinking, as you turn over the pages of the November JOURNAL ? If so you will not refuse, I am sure, to dig deeper and do a little fair thinking on this schools question.

Look first, if you will, a little more closely at that list of schools. Consider its variety. Side by side you will find a school with a centuries-old history and one which has scarcely yet parted with its first generation of boys, day school and boarding school, school with a local reputation and school known the world over. The types of boy they serve are as varied, from homes rich and poor—and some from none at all—from town, country and suburb. But all the schools have one thing in common, that they are giving boys a secondary education, a course of training designed to carry them at least to 16 and often to 18. Toc H makes its lower age limit 16, and wisely, for it is no children's game and calls for a man's ideals and a man's allegiance. These boys are old enough to understand what Toc H stands for. Would to heaven that we could find all boys in the country grouped in organised societies, ready and willing as units to hear what Toc H has to say ! That day is not yet. When Toc H is strong enough to extend greatly the share it already has in the Rover movement, and, in a thousand working boys' clubs, to impregnate those who left school at 14 or 15 with the spirit of Toc H, we shall indeed touch the boyhood of England as a whole. Meanwhile there are the schools. No one really doubts the power of the tradition of the great schools to mould character in many, and leadership in some. Fewer people realise that steadily the scholarship ladder grows wider, and increasingly will ensure that a larger proportion of the best brains get a real education. If education has any value at all, these things must be valuable to Toc H. In Everyman's Club there must be a place for them.

But let there be no mistake. Nothing but the highest will win the best. The strongest force in the world is not numbers nor organisation but the power of the idea. We shall not win the schoolboy with an invitation to join a jolly society, but only with a challenge to " bet his life " (as Donald Hankey once put it) that the ideas for which Toc H stands are the ideas which will make the world God's kingdom. He may realise those ideas inside Toc H, or he may carry them into other spheres beyond our ken. That is not our business. It is enough to have helped him to find his own way of living them out. So, ordinary member, you do come in after all. The hundred and more Toc H men who are doing their best as school representatives depend for both the quality

and the quantity of their work on what the ordinary member shows Toc H to be. Every time you meet a shy boy at a Guest-night, will you see to it that he shall get no false idea of Toc H through you? If you know of any schools not yet on our list—and there are many—where you can help to find us a way of entry, will you see that the area or headquarters schools secretary is given his chance? In the schools are being dug foundations for Toc H and may be for more than Toc H, many years ahead. The men who built the cathedrals looked ahead two or three centuries. We also claim to be builders. Have we the vision to look ahead too? Can we penetrate those pages of print and see the schools themselves, each of them alive with the very stuff that is needed for the building of the House of the future? H. A. S.

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R. Collison, The Nook, Palmerston Road, Buckhurst Hill.

S. Crabb (West Ham), 193, Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

L. Marchant, St. Helen's, The Green, Woodford.
C. W. Towns, Martlesham, 158, Western Road, Leigh-on-Sea.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.

R. E. Pusey (Lewisham), 60, George Lane, Catford, S.E.6.

E. W. Pitman (Sidcup), 3, Stafford Rd., Sidcup.
G. E. Tonge, 6, Court Farm Road, Mottingham, S.E.9.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.

D. Causer (Dulwich), 146, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

L. Knapp (Kennington), 119, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11.

CROYDON DISTRICT.

C. B. Hunt (Croydon), 37, Morland Avenue, East Croydon, Surrey.

R. Strathmann (Carshalton), Stoke Cottage, Worcester Road, Sutton.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON DISTRICT.

L. C. Kington (Wimbledon), 8, Crescent Gardens, Wimbledon Park, S.W.19.

G. S. Hervey (Mark II), 128, Mount Street, W.1.

KINGSTON DISTRICT.

L. Lodge (Kingston & Surbiton), River View, Lower Ham Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

G. Mountstephen (Richmond), 17, Friars Stile Road, Richmond, Surrey.

WEST LONDON DISTRICT.

G. W. Ashfield (Mark I), 10, Queen's Gdns., W.2.

WEST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

J. G. Malpas (Ealing) 83, Gordon Road, Ealing W.13.

WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT.

B. Tilley (Mark VII), 15, Fitzroy Square, W.1.

NORTH WATLING DISTRICT.

F. R. Pryce Parry (Hampstead), 17, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

South-Eastern Area

Area Representative : C. Garner Freeston, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

BRIGHTON. Rev. W. F. Bond, St. John's Vicarage, Carlton Hill, Brighton.

BROMLEY. S. H. Ayling, 26, Lansdowne Road.

CANTERBURY. W. H. Griffin, 172, Wincheap St.

DOVER. F. R. Burt, 9, Laureston Place, Dover.

EASTBOURNE. T. Tanqueray, Pennell House, Eastbourne College.

FARNHAM.

FOLKESTONE. H. R. White, 10, Radnor Park.

GUILDFORD. Rev. F. J. Colyer, 53, Agraria Road.

KESTON, etc. P. A. Slessor, Oakwood, Keston.

MAIDSTONE. R. P. Boorman, Cedars, Maidstone.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS. P. C. J. Tully, 193, Upper

Grosvenor Road, T.W.

WOKING. E. A. Radford, Remenham, Bullbagger's Lane, Horsell, Woking.

Eastern Area

Area Representative : The Area Secretary, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

BEACONSFIELD. J. H. Hay, Gateways.

BEDFORD. H. R. Newton, 76, Castle Road, Bedford and J. Anthony, 42, Mill Street, Bedford.

BRONBOURNE. G. N. Beddoe, 5, Marston Road, Hoddesden.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. T. E. St. Johnstone, Corpus Christi College.

COLCHESTER. Dr. R. W. Cushing, St. Michael's Rectory, Mile End, Colchester.

IPSWICH. Rev. C. O. George, 58, Hatfield Road.

NORWICH. H. W. Cleland, Norvic Shoe Co.

RADLETT. Leslie Kent, Bond's Cay, Radlett.

READING UNIVERSITY. C. H. Morgan.

SLOUGH. W. G. Davies, Clinton, London Road.

WATFORD. S. H. Hughes, 67, Durban Road.

East Midlands and Lincolnshire Area

Area Representative : A. R. Wates, Wansford, 45, Westminster Road, Leicester.

GAINSBOROUGH. Rev. C. A. Greensmith, The Vicarage, Morton, Gainsborough.

GRIMSBY. C. Bootiman, c/o Nat. Prov. Bank, Victoria Street.

LOUTH. S. S. Howard, Waterloo House, Louth.

LINCOLN. A. Taylor, Highclere, 25, Carline Road.

NORTHAMPTON. J. H. Lockhart, 38, Thursby Rd.

NOTTINGHAM. E. Parker, 59a, Carrington St.

SCUNTHORPE. J. H. Stephenson, Low Risby, Roxby, Scunthorpe.

West Midlands Area

Area Representative : Rev. F. G. Reeves, Mark VI, 77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM. W. H. Wall, 30, Greenhill Road, Moseley.

WOLVERHAMPTON. G. Clarke, 123, Jeffcock Road.

DERBY. F. Davies, Wymering, Chaddesdon Lane, Chaddesdon.

WORCESTER. E. Robinson, Walnut Tree House.

Yorkshire Area

Area Representative : M. C. Callis, Mark VIII, Christchurch Road, Sheffield.

- BRADFORD. M. H. Manley, 9, Grove Terrace, Frizinghall, Bradford.
 BRIDLINGTON. J. Lister, 7, Trinity Grove.
 CHESTERFIELD. V. Sibilla, 52, Storrs Road, Chesterfield.
 HALIFAX. John Marsh, Heath Leigh, Skircoat Road, Halifax.
 HORNSEA. Dr. Bickmore, St. Bede's, Hornsea.
 HUDDERSFIELD. S. Hill, 42, Beech Street, Paddock Hull.
 HULL. J. G. Hall, Hymers College, Hull.
 KEIGHLEY. K. Preston, 5, Gordon Street, Keighley.
 LEEDS. C. Wornald, c/o Messrs. Middletons.
 MALTON. M. Denham, Glendower, Norton, Malton.
 SHEFFIELD. H. Mottershaw, 70, Huntley Road, Ecclesall, Sheffield.
 SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY. B. I. Evans.

Northern Area

Area Representative : A. Rogers, 88, Willow Road, Darlington.

- BERWICK. Dr. Stoddart, 23, Castle Terrace.
 CARLISLE. F. N. Hepworth, Stanwix House.
 DURHAM. T. Oliver, University College, Durham.
 MIDDLESBROUGH. T. Baker, Jr., 115, Cambridge Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.
 NEWCASTLE. B. Jackson, Mark, XVIII,
 SOUTH SHIELDS. J. A. Young, Ash Lea, King George Road, Harton, S. Shields.
 SUNDERLAND. G. Kenyon, J.O.C. Offices.
 WHITLEY BAY. J. Harper, 7, Richmond Terrace.

Northern-Western Area

Area Representative : M. Westropp, University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool.

- ALTRINCHAM. E. H. Whitehead, Overdale, Langham Road, Bowden.
 BARROW. R. F. Green, 43, School Street.
 BIRKENHEAD. J. N. Mansfield, 4, Kingsmead Road, South, Oxtion, Cheshire.
 BLACKPOOL. J. S. Wood, 6, Honister Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.
 BOLTON.
 BURY.
 CHEADLE & GATLEY. E. G. Susans, 24, Warren Avenue, Cheadle.
 CHESTER. S. Lambert, c/o J. Summers & Sons, Ltd., Shotton, Cheshire.
 CHORLTON. F. Cooke, 46, Wilton Road.
 COLNE. H. C. Wigley, 85, Lanroyd Road, Colne.
 ECCLES.
 KIRKBY LONSDALE. H. H. Sykes, Cressbrook.
 LANCASTER. R. Whitehead, 33, Chester Place.
 LIVERPOOL. M. A. Melsher, 12, Catherine Street.
 MACCLESFIELD.
 MANCHESTER DISTRICT. J. Wilde Carrington, Shadworth, 233, Wellington Road North, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.
 MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY. R. J. Cornish, Engineering Dept., The University, Manchester.
 MORECAMBE.
 NEWTON HEATH. J. Parry, 87, Culcheth Lane.
 NORTHWICH. E. E. Jones, Yew Tree House, 111, Middlewich Road, Northwich.
 PRESTON. J. Pearson, Ludloe, Wembley Avenue, Penwortham.
 RAMSBOTTOM. G. Turnbull, Highbury, Ramsbottom.
 SALFORD. A. Chamberlain, 136, Bramhall Lane; F. Milne, Mark XIV.
 STOCKPORT.
 THELWALL. R. Leak, Redbrick Cottage, Thelwall, nr. Warrington.
 WESTMORLAND. E. W. S. Packard, The Little House, Sedburgh.
 WIGAN. W. Gabbott, 20, Upper Doocoonson Road.

Southern Area

PORTSMOUTH. K. Pengelly, Osborne Cottage, Garden Lane, St. Edward's Road, Southsea.

Western Area

- BATH. J. B. Carson, 11, Cavendish Crescent, Bath.
 CHELTENHAM. E. D. Watterson, Sabrina, Charlton Lane, Cheltenham.
 DEVONPORT. C. F. Austin, 22, St. Hillary Terrace.
 EXETER. H. Michelmore, Rosemount, 93, Heavitree Road, Exeter.
 TAUNTON. M. H. Hember, Brentry, Staplegrove.
 WYEMOUTH. R. J. Dewey, 25, Ranleigh Road.

Scotland

Area Representative : R. Sawers, Caledonian Mansions, Kelvin Bridge, Great Western Road, Glasgow.

- ABERDEEN. G. J. Aitkin, Denhead House, Anderson Drive, Aberdeen.
 DUNDEE. Rev. R. F. V. Scott, 1, Albany Terrace.
 EDINBURGH. T. E. P. McCandlish, 9, South Leamonth Gdns., Edinburgh.
 PERTH. F. B. Smith, The Academy, Perth.

Northern Ireland

BELFAST. W. Bell, 1, The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast.

THE WRITTEN WITNESS

War Letters of Fallen Englishmen. Edited by Laurence Housman. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. Also *The Lost Generation*, "a handful of letters" extracted from the above, with an introduction by the Rev. P. B. Clayton. Gollancz. 6d.

Yet another War-book? But of a kind that is different. There is not a page in this crowded three hundred which was intended by its writer for more than one or two pairs of eyes, and nothing would have surprised the hundred authors more than to find themselves, not so much "honoured in print" as honouring us all by admittance to their confidences. This book is no conscious work of art (except in so far as Mr. Housman has made his selection well), no piece of "fine writing" to tempt a publisher and please or shock a public, no "novel with a purpose." We are invited here to share the intimate thoughts of the most varied minds and to see into the secrets of hearts that were never worn on sleeves but revealed only to those they knew and loved best. In this sense the book is open to the question which the publication of private letters and diaries must always raise—"Is it fair to take advantage of those who can no longer give or withhold their leave?" There are cases in which most readers agree that the end justifies the means. And how much would be lost to us and to those who come after if the letters home of our "lost generation" could be read only by those to whom they were addressed! For here a handful of the Elder Brethren, without any thought of preaching us a sermon, give again and again the text for our own lives, and pass on, in words that we dare not ignore, some of the inspiration and leadership of which their passing deprived our rather uninspired and leaderless post-war years. Here we reach the very heart of them:

... This heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.

The mere story of the War can be left to the historians; this book does not attempt to add to it. It sheds light on a much greater subject—the spirit of man. The war in these pages is but the huge, untidy background against which men like ourselves stand out, so to speak, larger than life, more actual than the people we work and play and talk with on any day this week. When Life is so large and urgent and Death round any corner, as they were to these writers, the eye sees wonderfully clearly and the tongue speaks quite plain; all that is in a man, whether good or evil, comes out. For all his wide sweep, the editor of this book cannot, in the nature of things, cover the whole range of this self-revelation. He chooses chiefly the best and most constructive thoughts of the finest minds—and no one can pretend that those were the only, or the commonest, thoughts which the War produced. And he is bound to choose the thoughts of what is roughly called "the officer class," if for no other reason than that the private soldiers' letters home, made splendid by their love and courage, seldom had the art of expressing what he really thought and felt. And in this the present book at once challenges comparison with the great collection of letters from the other side which was its forerunner.* It need not surprise us that each book is a noble counterpart of the other. Every mood and every aspiration and example finds its fellow in the pages of both—except that the delicious humour with which an English undergraduate cloaks his gallantry does not come at all easily to the German student. There is the same shining faith in a cause, the same love of family and friends, the same chivalry and fear and pity and hate, the same sense of the presence of God and the power of the Devil. It would be interesting and profitable for someone to pursue the parallel in detail—for these are, indeed, companion pictures of men who were grandly matched.

* *Kriegsbriefe Gefallener Studenten*, published in Germany in 1928; in English as *German Students' War Letters* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) in 1929.

The old Latin tag which claims that there are as many opinions as there are men might be used to sum up the rich detail of this book. Yet in one supreme opinion the writers are all united—they believe the service of the hour to be far greater than their own interests and they want more than all to be worthy of the fellowship of men in whose company they do it. Letter after letter could be quoted to show this redeeming creed of the War years. It is the grand secret which lifts that time above what went before and what has since followed. For the rest, quotations might be used ingeniously to prove that Englishmen thought and did this thing or that—exact opposites—in the War, for so great an emergency must needs have all manner of reactions in different minds. Thus (to take two outstanding writers who happen to follow each other in the alphabetical selection) Julian Grenfell begins his first letter, "I adore War. It is like a big picnic without the objectlessness of a picnic. I have never been so well or so happy," while Donald Hankey ends his first letter, "I confess that, though I am not afraid, I never before felt such a distaste for the whole business." From some letters you get splendid glimpses of chivalry on both sides, from another the impression that the enemy had no code of honour, from another that "lots of awfully nice chaps" among British officers thought it decent to shoot a prisoner. One man looks death in the face with a prayer, another with irrepressible humour. One sees the war as a crusade of light against darkness; another says "We are really only fighting because we are all so ignorant and stupid." But nothing in the book is commoner, nobler or more moving than men's thoughts of home.

Tubby's little "handful" consists of nine letters, or parts of letters, each with a heading to suggest the writer's character. It is intended specially as tribute at Armistice-tide, and it is, indeed, an unfading garland. It will help the Toc H member who possesses it to remember the Elder Brethren with yet prouder thanksgiving. And why should not a Branch or Group, having the big collection of letters to hand, preface the ceremony of "Light" by the reading of a few living words from this treasury of the spirit which should be ours?

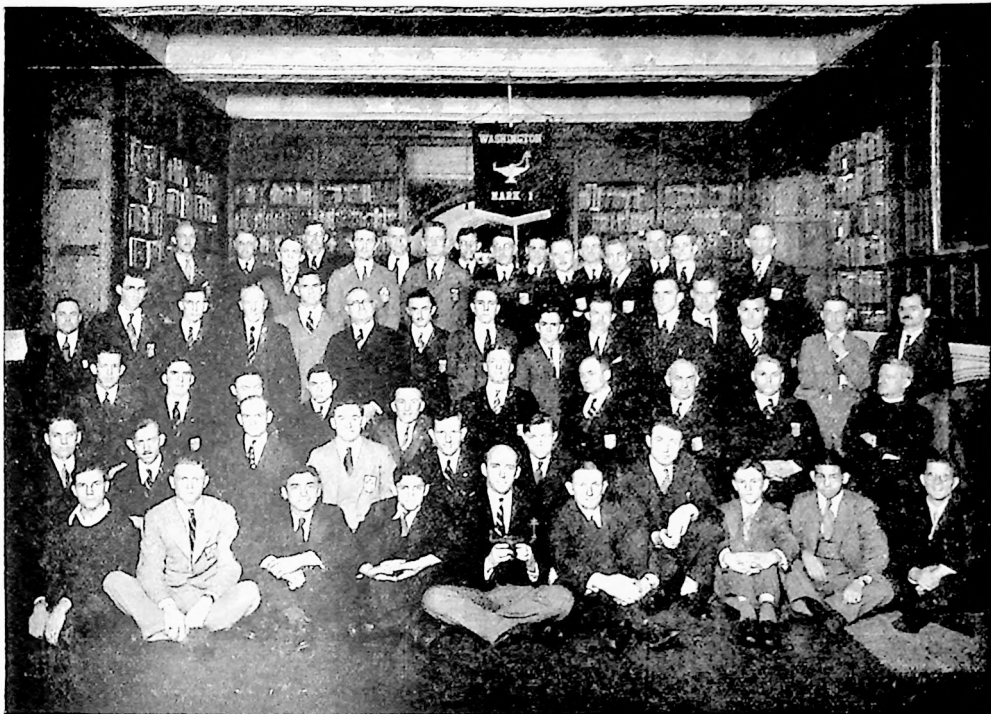
The Advance from Mons, 1914. By WALTER BLOEM. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

It is always salutary to "see ourselves as others see us," and in this book we see our countrymen, through enemy spectacles, with pride. Captain Bloem of the Brandenburg Grenadiers gives an account (first published in German in 1916) of how he came up against the "Old Contemptibles" in the first two months of the War which is intensely vivid and so accurate in detail that our own *Official History of the War* makes unquestioning use of it. He not only pays a generous tribute to British troops as soldiers and as men, but gives a picture of his own Grenadiers, his love for them and their devotion to him, which is utterly different in spirit from some of the German war-books to which we have been subjected. A chivalrous, truthful book, of real value to the military historian but, more than that, of absorbing human interest to any reader who wants to see both sides of the tremendous and decisive drama of the Marne.

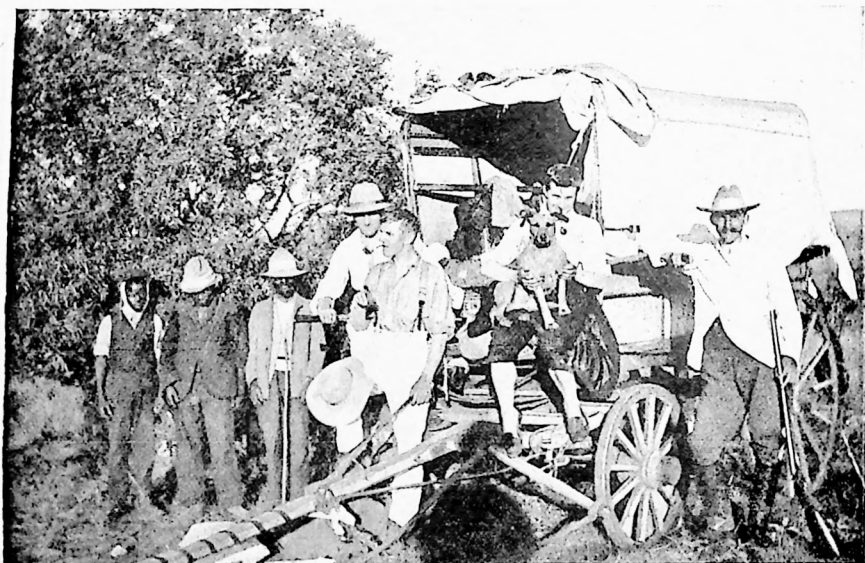
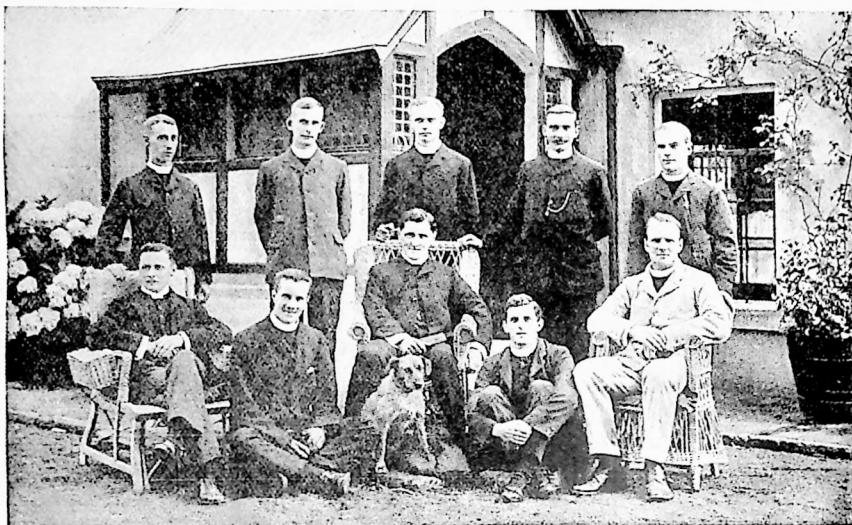
The Church Within Walls and Without

The English Parish Church. By A. R. POWYS. Longmans Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

This, the latest addition to the "English Heritage" series of little books, should be welcomed by all those who care for the legacy, unsurpassed in any other country for beauty and variety, which the church builders of a thousand years have entrusted to every Englishman. The book is not intended for the expert architect or historian but for anyone ready to observe and capable of enjoying this national treasure. In these pages you will learn not only how and why arches were built thus or thus, but how our forbears used their churches for doing business, acting plays and drinking ale as well as for worship, why they furnished them as they did, what officers they appointed and the clothes they wore, and many other matters. And throughout his fascinating story the author reveals his own great love of the English countryside and its life, which is the heritage of us all.



A combined group of WASHINGTON BRANCH and BALTIMORE GROUP, met together in May in the Library of Washington Cathedral for the Toc H Rededication Service held in a chapel of the Cathedral, which is daily growing towards the fine completion of the lower picture. Colman Jennings sits on the floor in the centre holding the Washington Lamp, and on his left is Sawbones.



ABOVE: The staff of the South African Church Railway Mission in 1908. Harry Ellison's brother is seated in the centre, and he himself may possibly be recognised on the extreme left.

BELOW: The Highwaymen on holiday. (See review opposite of *God's Highwaymen*, from which these photographs are reproduced.)

God's Highwaymen—The Story of the South African Church Railway Mission. By DOROTHY F. ELLISON. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

Under the above title Miss Dorothy Ellison has given us the fascinating and romantic story of the South African Church Railway Mission. It is a story simply told, with obvious restraint because of the fact that her own family has throughout been so closely identified with its growth and prosperity. The few references to Harry Ellison convey no impression of that personality which for ten years counted for so much in the life of South Africa, and more recently in *Toc H* there and here. The record, however, is not concerned with persons but with what was for the Anglican Church a daring experiment, breaking with all past tradition. Here we watch the growth of a new method to meet a problem which hitherto the Church had not attempted to face. Gradually we see grow up a team of clergy and lay workers, both men and women, white and black, operating entirely outside the parochial and diocesan system which hitherto had controlled and directed the activities of all Anglican workers. This review of forty years' work begins with one Chaplain who spent a fortnight each quarter on a railway trolley visiting all the gangers and stations over three hundred miles of railway, and ends with a staff of workers who cover every foot of railway extending right into the heart of Central Africa, where these servants of Jesus Christ go to and fro, caring for the souls of any who may live within forty miles of the line, and doing much to cultivate good feeling between the races who together are building and working those ever-extending arteries of commerce, the Railways.

George Whitefield—The Awakener. By REV. D. D. BELDEN, B.D. Sampson Low. 12s. 6d. net.

This is a book by one of our Association Padres. Mr. Belden has been for some years now the minister of Whitefield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road; and not unnaturally he has been led to study and then to write the life of the great preacher whose name his church bears.

"The Awakener" is the title by which he continually refers to his subject; "The Awakener"—but, one is inclined to add, not "The Builder." If it had not been for the perseverance and the great organising gifts of John Wesley the story of the Evangelical Revival would have been very different. Whitefield was one of the greatest preachers this country has ever known, with a voice so amazing in its range and beauty that it can only be regarded as a sheer gift of God. But when we have made all possible allowance for the difference in temper between his day and ours, we are still forced to the conclusion—if we may judge from the extracts from sermons which Mr. Belden gives and from the headings which he places at the top of each chapter—that his power lay more in his oratorical gifts than in anything deeply penetrating which he had to say. While a biographer with such warm social sympathies as Mr. Belden possesses is often hard put to it to defend one who was so conservative and so utterly unconcerned with the social and practical implications of the gospel he was preaching.

Yet Whitefield was in some senses a very great man, as well as a very great preacher. It would be untrue and unchivalrous not to pay wholehearted tribute to his superb courage and amazing energy. There is something almost "Pauline" in the story of his labours as an evangelist; thirteen times did he cross the Atlantic; nine whole weeks did his last voyage take him; incredible to our modern ideas were some of the privations he endured through his travelling. Such a story compels our unstinted admiration.

The closing chapters in which Mr. Belden states the message of the Evangelical Revival for the life of to-day are very timely. Many will be grateful to him for his linking up of old truths with present-day needs. He shows us that "if we want to do the best we can, we must be the best we can; we can't hope to bring the Kingdom of God into the world till we allow it to come in our lives." This note is stressed too by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in his preface, in words which speak very directly to us in *Toc H*: "'God give us men.' He will not. We have to make them." Only we must remember that it is not at our own charges that we go out to this warfare.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

As foreshadowed in the October JOURNAL, a page of free comment by readers makes its bow this month, yet not quite free, for we intend to confine its columns to letters of import and real value, constructive or critical, grave or humorous, as they may be. Letters from all points of view are welcomed, but grouse and wrangle will be promptly met with. "The Editor regrets this correspondence must now cease."

The War in Perspective

Though Toc H is never likely to be unmindful of the furnace in which its first fellowship was welded together, the rapidly increasing majority of its members is bound to view that time from the angle of history—history as splendid, but scarcely less remote than the Spanish Armada. Ex-service members, very naturally, find this attitude of mind hard to understand, but they are in duty bound to think fairly about it. The letter which follows represents a widespread opinion and will no doubt call forth an answer.

DEAR EDITOR,

Not seldom in the last eight years has the JOURNAL entertained its readers with excellent, if lengthy, accounts by various people of their own and their friends' experiences during the war. Now, as one of the generation who were too young (I was nine when war was declared), I would like to have my say.

I am interested in a mild way by your doings during the four years when you were seeing the world with the B.E.F.; but do you not think that now, nearly twelve years since you came back, it is time you told us what you did in the years that followed?

You will reply that the war years were so full of adventure that there is so much to tell, and that you want to warn us against war. But is this really so? Surely it is that you are proud, if only a little, of your exploits, and that that is the reason so much is written.

I shall always be grateful to those gallant fellows who willingly left their homes and jobs to defend their womenfolk and children, but I do not think they did more than this or any other generation would and should have done under similar circumstances, and when I look at the country that we of the younger generation have inherited from you of the old brigade, I cannot help noticing

that it is not so prosperous as the history books (written by you) tell us it was when you inherited it at the end of the last century.

The task that was before you was one of keeping England in its position of the most prosperous nation. The task that we find is that of putting England back into its supreme position, and in addition we have to pay for your war.

I do not blame you for the war, it was no fault of yours, nor do I consider the country's loss of prosperity is due to other than economic causes, but still less can it be said that it was contributed to in any way by us.

Yes, you had all the horrors of the fighting, but you also had the glory of victory, the martial music, and the fancy dress of military uniform, the bill for which is presented to us, and, of course, we shall pay.

There is surely no need to write about the war, unless it is a text-book of academical value, because we are hardly likely to forget the war during the next 50 years. Our creditors will see to that. We shall be paying for your war long after you have passed over, and the torch you have thrown to us will have to be carefully guarded, else it will be extinguished.

War has no glamour for us, so please tell us less about the fighting, but instead, advise us how to make the best use of our inheritance.

Yours sincerely,

Romford.

P. A. FUGEMAN.

What's in a Name?

Up till 1922 Branches and Groups were the proud possessors of "Social Service Secretaries," when the happy inspiration of Cheltenham gave them "Johmasters" instead. Is it not high time we now replaced such dreary terms as "Chairman" and "Committee" with some live names less savouring of the company report?

DEAR EDITOR,

The Thief of Time

Whenever I hear the "chairman" of my Group introduce "the speaker of the evening" and ask him "to proceed with his address," or on special occasions listen to the "Group Secretary" read "the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting" and watch "motions passed" and "officers proposed and seconded," I begin to wonder whether perhaps the first verbal exuberance of the enthusiastic youth of Toc H, which produced such delightful and spontaneous names as "Guestnight" and "Jobmaster," has not faded away and we have settled down to the humdrum use of a commercial phrase-book.

Just for a start, could we not generally substitute for the dividend-declaring, shareholder-appealing "chairman," the honest, friendly word "skipper." We have "pilots" to steer each Toc H ship along the right channels, why not a "skipper" to be in charge of ship and crew on the calm or stormy crossings of weekly meetings?

Yours sincerely,

Soho.

J. H. L.

SIR,

Recently your contemporary the *Week End Review* drew the attention of its readers to the necessity of familiarity with nouns of assembly apt to describe aggregations of familiar objects. May I commend to your readers' notice the advantage of being able to refer comprehensively to such as

A palpitation of Probationers,

A jeremiad of Jobmasters,

A gehenna of General List Members,

A truculency of Treasurers.

And if the family of Toc H grows yet more rapidly, we may find ourselves forced to possess a series of members of the H.Q. staff all doing one job instead of one such member doing a series of jobs, as at present. When that is so, what could be more fitting than

An aggravation of Administrators, and

A bluepencilation of Barkeese,

St. Sepulchre's, I am, etc.,

Gravesend.

JAWS D'EATH.

DEAR EDITOR,

Continually in Toc H we are being urged to "implode" on other units that we may avoid the perils of isolation and cultivate the family spirit. To take this advice seriously is to discover that our informality upon which we so much pride ourselves is in one respect at least—that of punctuality—in grave danger of degenerating into casualness, not to say discourtesy.

"I'm afraid we never begin very punctually in Toc H," is a glib and formal apology of which some of us are utterly weary as we hear chairman after chairman make it. And because we never begin punctually, members get careless about turning up punctually, and often indeed about turning up at all. The problem of the "dud" Branch or Group is always with us. In how many cases would it be true to say that it is to the canker worm of unpunctuality that ultimately many of their troubles are traceable?

Many of us have friends whom we would like to bring into Toc H, but we dare not. We are ashamed to let them see how casual and unpunctual many of our units are. A late beginning often means that a speaker is seriously inconvenienced in catching his last train, and no opportunity is given to the "imploders" to get to know the members of the unit they are visiting.

It is now being assumed that we can safely afford to turn up half an hour late at any meeting—our Area Staff apparently plan their diaries on this assumption. We speak of ourselves as a family—often too glibly as it seems to me—I suppose this utter disregard of the comfort and convenience of others is part of the true family spirit.

Yours sincerely,

D.W.

* * *

All letters for "The Open Hustings" must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the month previous to issue, and must be accompanied by the names and units of their authors, these not necessarily for publication.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ The Central Council Meeting of 1931 will be held at 2 p.m., on Saturday, April 25, at Talbot House, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

✠ *Secretaries' List: Additions and Alterations.*

(a) *New Groups*: AIREDALE, A. E. Cook, 2, Grayham Drive; BOOTLE, S. Baker, 235, Marsh Lane; FAREHAM, D. Bracher, 3, Cams Hill; GRASSINGTON, O. P. Jacques, Main Street; HINDERWELL, G. Jefferson, Mulgrave House; HORLEY, J. W. Rhodes, Prospect House; PADDOCK, S. Hill, 42, Beech Street; PAINSWICK, W. H. King, The Lodge, Glynde Orphanage; PENARTH, G. H. Lockley, 106, Redlands Road; PONTYCLUN, T. C. Vaughan, "Ivydene," Costan Road; REDDISH, J. Travis, 11, Bellfield Road; REDRUTH, C. K. Andrew, 103, Pendarvis Street, Inderidmill, Camborne; SELBY, E. T. De Bierre, 8, Armoury Road; TREALAW, J. Bunford, 39, Miskin Road. *Overseas—Australia*: COLAC (Vic.), R. Leeker, Chemist, Murray Street; DERWENT (Tas.), D. A. Southwood, 174, Collins Street, Hobart; KELMSCOTT (W.A.), D. Brown, Kelmscott; LAUNCESTON A (Tas.), E. J. Coulter, Box 130; MERSEY (Tas.), L. A. Hope, Commercial Bank; NORTHAM (W.A.), R. Miley, c/o Mr. Wilding, Mokine. *India*: TRICHINOPOLY, C. E. Gibbs, c/o Imperial Tobacco Co.

(b) *Change of Secretary*: ANSTEY, A. R. Smith, 22, Willow Street; ANCOATS, A. Turner, 116, Hillkirk Street, Ardwick, Manchester; ANSTEY, T. Wright, 62, Forest Gate, Anstey, Leicester; BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM, S. Hales, 23, Comyn Road Clapham Junction; BEXHILL, B. H. Lucas, 28, Linden Road; BRAUNSTONE, F. G. Bailey, 12, Woodville Road, Braunstone, Leicester; BRIDGEND, C. Whitehorne, 112, Quirella Road; BRIGG, H. Hansan, 11, Albert Street, Brigg, Lincs.; BROADSTAIRS, E. Thorpe, "Langleys," High Street, St. Peters in Thanet; BROXBORNE, H. W. Bees, 99, High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.; CARLTON, F. W. Stapleton, "Clematis," Tennyson Avenue, Gedling, near Nottingham; EASTBOURNE, H. S. Bendell, 76, Willingdon Road; EASTERN AREA, R. E.

Wraith, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1; GODALMING, S. W. French, "Eastwood," Dean Road; HANDSWORTH, F. Cartwright, 15, Sycamore Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; HARROW NORTH, L. G. Dennis, 122, Kenton Lane, Kenton, Harrow; HOYLAKES AND WEST KIRBY, P. M. Atkin, 56, Alderley Road, Hoylelake, Cheshire; ISLE OF MAN, J. T. Semple, 16, Athol Street, Douglas; KENDAL, G. N. Higgin, 5, Castle Grove; KENSWORTH, F. G. Hurst, Council Cottages, Kensworth, near Dunstable; MARK VII, L. F. Pritchett Browne, 15, Fitzroy Square, W.1; MORTON, W. N. Gleadell, Manor House, Morton, Gainsborough; NEWTON-IN-MAKERFIELD, R. Lea, 3, Newton Terrace; NORTH WALES DISTRICT, W. E. Ellis, Artillery House, Colwyn Bay; PETERBOROUGH, C. E. Larman, "Ger-y-Don," Dogsthorpe Road; SIDCUP, R. Croucher, 8, Gerda Road, New Eltham; SOHO (Birmingham), J. Taylor, 5, Park Terrace, Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; SOUTH BANK, T. Cropper, 76, Victoria Road; TAUNTON, G. Browne, "Haberton," Greenway Road; UXBRIDGE, C. P. Colwill, 8, Swallow Street, Ivcr, Bucks.; WALLASEY, F. B. McGrath, 24, St. John's Road; WALWORTH, G. Boswell, 36, Liverpool Street, S.E.17; WATERLOO, D. McForland, 2, Rockland Road, Waterloo, Liverpool; WEDNESFIELD, J. Poole, 34, Nordley Hill; WHITLEY BAY, H. C. Trueman, 31, Cambridge Avenue; WIGAN, R. Marsden, Swinley Cottage, Hornby Street; WOOD GREEN, L. J. H. Hawes, 35c, Gladstone Avenue, N.22.

(c) *Change of Address*: DUNSTABLE, Secretary to 70, Luton Road; NORTH-WESTERN AREA PADRE, Rev. H. F. Sawbridge, to "Oakbank," Brook Lane, Alderley Edge, Cheshire; SOUTHAMPTON DOCK HOUSE Secretary to 12, Portswood Park; WEST MIDLANDS AREA PADRE, Rev. F. G. Reeves, to "Milford," Thornhill Road, Streety, Warwickshire. *Overseas—Australia*: NEW SOUTH WALES Secretary to Manning House, 258, George Street, Sydney; STOCKTON (N.S.W.) Secretary to 136, Fullerton Street.

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DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

By the October JOURNAL readers will have learned with acclamation or disgust, as the case might be, of the passing of Branch News and the coming, in its place, of six-monthly letters from each Area in turn, which will, we hope, keep every member more fully in touch with the real life and work of the rest of the Family than before. Here, then, are the first two : next month the South-Eastern and the North-Western Areas will speak for themselves. All news should now be addressed to Area Secretaries.

From London

"LONDON overpowers us with its vastness." A novel of 1847 anticipates what we would say to-day. "It is the illimitable feeling that gives it a special character. London is not grand. It possesses only one of the qualifications of a grand city, size ; but it wants the equally important one, beauty." The vastness of London daunts this slow wielder of a pen. We Cockneys of Toc H scarce dare raise our heads to face Toc H right round the world if all that is expected of us be thought an accomplished fact. The size of London is against us ; its complexity dims our vision. Yet we do find some beauty and much joy.

In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that ;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

Can it be true—that humbling challenge of Tubby's at his Pancake Party last March : "If Toë H London failed or went crooked, Toc H all round the world would suffer past all telling" ? In very truth we can claim no more than Herbert Fleming's happy boast a year before he died, that he was proud of his own Branch in London only because of its "healthy dissatisfaction." Gazing upon London Toc H as a whole, these last few months appear as a time of vast import. The membership has said that it will try to maintain its powers of self-government. London will stand for home-rule, if thereby others may be strengthened. And London dearly wants to understand the needs of overseas, for it grows more fiercely discontent that it has accomplished little as yet that does not only benefit its own confined advancement.

This part of the family, which cannot unite in any less shelter than the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral and the roof of the Albert Hall, is considering the exchange of all its own news in a bi-monthly magazine, in no sense a competitor but as a local supplement of the JOURNAL. Such a production may do much to foster the corporate spirit between widely-distant and widely different units in the London Area, for Croydon sees little of Enfield and Uxbridge rarely corresponds with Southend or Ilford or Sidcup. But the overworked parish-pump runs dry. News of home when at home lacks force. The letter from overseas brings a flood of power and the visiting member from afar has a message greater than his spoken words. London's constant need is the lively touch of thought on matters imperial and foreign. The World Chain of Light should be followed by a World Chain of Letters ; links should be forged on paper and by the personal touch of visits paid and returned.

William Hazlitt, in writing "On Londoners and Country People," described a Cockney as "a person who has never lived out of London, and who has got all his ideas from it." The Cockneys of Toc H will have other ideas, but he continues : "He is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible. His senses keep him alive ; and he knows, inquires, and cares for nothing further." Is this true to-day ? Let's hope not ! And ought not London Toc H to take warning from the cab-driver's description of his horse as given to Mr. Pickwick on his way to Charing Cross : "We seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness. He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab ; but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down ; and we've got a pair

o' precious large wheels on, so ven he does move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it." Like Mr. Pickwick, let us be "ruminating on the strange mutability of human affairs."

This year in London has been marked for many by a closer way of linking within its own bounds. For four years seven Districts have been at work, each linking up their own Branches and Groups. Now there are fourteen Districts, each with its own Team in training as leaders of mutual effort. The machinery may have groaned a little in its new bearings, but the oil of some splendid voluntary work is smoothing its running so much that next year the output will justify the overhaul. So natural does the working become that units can scarcely visualise the loneliness of members more widely scattered.

Money, too, is bound up with responsibilities. The call has been no greater in proportion than it has been for four years, and where sacrifice has been made the reaction has been surely good. London has not achieved quite all it had hoped for this financial year, perhaps because the claim for its own needs was so close at hand and reasoned understanding was not gained throughout. The interpreters of the needs, the so-called District Bursars, have had a difficult task, yet their success will be seen in future years. But more than three-quarters of London's Toc H, and especially East London, has rallied well to its self-supporting aim and this alongside many problems of meeting-place expenses.

The Marks are as full as ever—full, that is, of young and promising material. The Marks' greatest needs are more senior men, who have established themselves and are ready to give their share of experience and understanding. To the gift-house of Mark XXII on Denmark Hill and the new Mark III at South Hackney, there is now being added the gift-house announced at last year's Birthday Festival. When opened at Putney, the New Mark will be the eighth of its line in London.

As a further measure of growth, we are told that London Toc H now numbers one hundred and four units, while four years ago it counted forty-four and ten years ago but four. These hundred and more are no uniform set of cuttings planted in straight rows; indeed they resemble in the variety of their size, shape and growth as many roots, shrubs and trees planted in a botanical garden for the inspection and inspiration of all men. They flourish or they flag as they revive or fail the spirit of friendship. The Group, as the probationary unit, is free to experiment, bold to take risks, not spending too long in groping to staleness or ashamed to admit early faults, yet it strives by sheer pluck and perseverance for the day when instinctively it knows its fitness for attainment of full membership by Branch status. Its mixture of men is its experiment and its greatest test, for too often its representation of the immediately local community appears to be confined to "birds of a feather" with just a very few professional or a very few manual workers. In suburban wilds similar-sized houses abound for miles, and there are some tracts in London most unlike those many where the slum lies behind the mansion or the big house varies between the limits of one childless couple and five families in ten rooms. The community spirit of the new housing estates awaits more of the Toc H touch. In the main the opportunity is there and everywhere for trying out the experiment of social mixture, most shy of success when the grades vary least.

In the Branches the mobility of men often determines their fate, for in six months their leaders may have vanished to other spheres before their successors have found their feet. The ups and downs of Branches are as common as the fluctuations of stocks and shares. But despondency gives way to hearty progress when men are faced with a need. Men rally to a cause when stirred from an acquiescence in other men's reliability. The tendency has been rightly to concentrate on the task of passing on a spirit and an outlook on life by better-run Guest-nights. (And only what is there can be passed on.) This may have obscured the importance of the Jobmaster's task and the London Guard of the Lamp have called for the attention of

Branches to the large proportion of jobs of the casual variety, which occupy men at irregular periods only, to regular jobs being performed corporately or individually. But, whether it be by fellowship or service, the building goes on and there is no lack of adventure in attempting the impossible, quickly to become the probable.

New Branches this year number five, making forty-six in all—Leytonstone and, quite recently, Muswell Hill, Golders Green, Finchley and Rayleigh. New Groups, after as short a life of groping as indicates a firm understanding, continue to receive sanction as in each new place the idea and desire extend. Very often the "hiving off" process is used, when a strong Branch or even a Group is ready for it. Loss of contact with the larger family is avoided by the District method, which works best before the number of units in a District exceeds ten. Extension could be more rapid, but its measure must be a corresponding growth in spirit.

How strange that a popular fallacy still persists! The idea that Toc H is an ex-Service men's organisation exists in many quarters—in contrast with the reality, for any stranger coming to a Guest-night will find post-war ages most strongly represented. The average age in the Branches is twenty-eight, but the 19 to 25 period predominates, whilst some grey hairs provide the ballast and balance. It is fitting that at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day thirty ex-Service members represented the whole membership and on their behalf laid a wreath of the Double Cross of Ypres. Yet, whilst the Army was the original source of membership, to-day there is little enough contact with the serving soldier in London. The Army Council's letter of last February has not taken much effect as yet in the military units, but there are three instances of co-operation: at Tower Hill, Guardsmen of the 2nd Grenadier Guards from the Tower of London spend an evening a week at Talbot House, Trinity Square; at Mark I, Notting Hill, the Sergeant's Mess of the Green Howards, to the memory of whose dead the lounge is dedicated, bear witness to much friendliness at many meetings by the gift of a challenge cup presented at the Sports Club Guest-night, at which the speaker was Lord Wakefield, the friend for ever of Toc H by his gift of the Old House; at Mark XV, Woolwich, there continues the successful experiment of lectures given to serving soldiers with the idea of helping them to prepare for their return to civil life. Experts are found to talk on such subjects as "Buying a house," "Buying a small business," "Employment, with special reference to entry into Government Departments," "Poultry-keeping as a profitable hobby," and so on. These three examples of contact with the Regular Army lead us to a topic of lively interest debated in some quarters: Are many members of Toc H in the Territorial Army? If not, why not? Is not the time devoted to drills and military training a form of service? Perhaps this is a subject for the correspondence page! There is another force with which we hope our relations will grow even more friendly—the Metropolitan and the City of London Police. Nor must we be forgetting other public servants in the Post Office, the bus companies and railways.

Forms of service are so varied that it becomes invidious to mention the names of a few Branches and Groups and to omit all mention of the steady corporate and individual jobs that count for most. But a few instances of special work can be quoted here: A Branch has managed to acquire a house for conversion into a Boys' Club, combined with its own meeting-place, whilst its old hut continues as a training-centre for Scouts and its Toc H Rover Team. A newly-promoted Branch in a rural district has raised £287 for the provision of a sorely needed motor ambulance. A young Group staff a paper-bag lunch club for office-workers and messenger-boys in West Central London. Blood transfusion cases served during the year number over a hundred. Boys transferred from Welsh mining areas to work in London give several hundred opportunities of a friendly hand in time of need. The opening and supervision of school playgrounds during the summer evenings. The extension of one Mark to incorporate a boys' gymnasium and of another to provide an information bureau and a study room for picked boys leaving the local schools. The entertainment and escorting of hospital patients, both warcrippled and civilian. Dramatic shows at Borstal Institutions and a leper colony. A hundred

and fifty "old folks" entertained to dinner. Deaf and dumb clubs, blind clubs, personal visiting, poor man's lawyering. Sunday Night Clubs provide all manner of experiments in running an Everyman's Club on Sunday evenings for unattached youth. Finally a different type of job—the first of the six Rugger teams winning their first seven matches with a total of 155 points for and 18 against.

Lack of training brings many good attempts to a sad end, whether it be at footer, running a boys' club or building Toc H. For the last the great stand-by is Pierhead House, Wapping. A full programme of training and conference week-ends is arranged. Those who have so far been overlooked by selectors and want to try out a week-end or two should write to their District Secretary. Even the London Area Executive knows no better way of starting a year's work than by an informal week-end at Wapping.

The departure of Padre Tom Garaway for the East Midlands and Lines Area will leave a sad gap in South London, where he has worked most faithfully as one of the London Padres, and in the Brothers' House at Kennington, which parts with its resident Padre for the sake of the new Mark at Derby. Little real headway can be made where padre and layman are not working in full co-operation, and, although Padre Owen Watkins is giving much of his time to London, there is increasing need of Padres to fill gaps and to win new positions. As Toc H spreads, more Padres of every denomination must be found and challenged to give of their time as Hon. District Padres, as residents in the Marks, and as servers of the Branch and Group membership. "It is desirable," as a Lambeth Conference Report of 1930 says, "that a sufficient supply of young clergy should be set free for the work of Toc H padres or for similar non-parochial work, where the need is plain." But who can make only a demand without he does something too to help the supply?

"Grey-flecked head, and eager boy, Gownsmen, townsman, pastor, priest, Troubadours of toil and joy, Gather to this Household Feast." On Friday, December 5, at 8.30 p.m., the Londoners gather at St. Paul's Cathedral to render thanks and to dedicate themselves afresh, their first act in the Birthday Festival. Never before has Toc H been privileged to assemble in force in the Mother Church of London; for seventeen years the restoration has been carried on, the last five years with the rotunda, choir and transepts closed. This year in the Cathedral, wonderfully restored, its stones secure and sound, its great spaces open to sight and hearing, "with the silence of its brooding dome and the glory of its uplifted Cross," Toc H keeps Festival and joins prayers and praises to those of unknown multitudes. The great tradition of worship for which St. Paul's has stood is being preserved; Toc H will "give heed to the hidden household, those servants of His who have done His pleasure," and will "render thanks for the whole Family of Faith and Practice." After the thanksgivings and praise, the assembled family, a procession of Padres and Banners halted in their midst, will stand to bear in mind that scene in the Upper Room at Poperinghe, where at that moment Tubby and some survivors of the Old House will be lighting the first Lamp of Maintenance in the World Chain of Light. Then in songs and silence the London members will re-dedicate themselves to the undertakings of the whole family, "spirit-knit, though world dispersed." On the following night the Chain of Light will be completed, when the London Lamps and Rushlights will be assembled in the arena of the Albert Hall. At 8.50 p.m. Tubby will broadcast a message and the words of the Ceremony of Light will be said, the last of many oft repeated during those twenty-four hours. "Festivals are ordained to serve God onlie." At this great Guest Night and at St. Paul's, London Toc H will welcome many friends—in joyful thanksgiving to God for the closer binding of the cords of friendship and the increase of the will to serve.

London, as has been said, possesses in its size one qualification of a grand city; an equally important one is needed—beauty. London has many beautiful buildings and many too ugly for kind words, yet there are men finding beauty in fellowship, the living-out of lives that transcend all ugly barriers. When a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in

London all that life can afford. Time and again the traveller is recalled by London, as was Stanley Ortheris in the words of Kipling: "I'm sick for London again; sick for the sounds of 'er, an' the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange peel and asphalte an' gas comin' in over Vauxhall Bridge That an' the Stran' lights, where you knows ev'ry one."

"COCKNEY."

And from Yorkshire

AS I am trying to write this account of our doings in Yorkshire, there stands facing me on my writing table a "pint pot." It was bestowed upon me by a typical Yorkshire native, who gave it to me as a keepsake. On it is engraven a motto which suggests to the outsider unashamed and barefaced selfishness:—

"See all, hear all, say nowt.
Eat all, sup all, pay nowt.
And if tha does owt for nowt,
Allus do it for thisen."

This advice, known as "The Tykes' motto," surrounds a coat of arms surmounted by a crest. The crest is a pig's head which smokes a clay pipe and supports a collier's cap. The coat of arms in four quarters, portrays a flea, a fly, a falcon, and a flitch of bacon. The crest speaks for itself; the coat of arms was first interpreted to me with great glee by a Yorkshireman as follows:—

"A flea would sleep in anyone's bed, so would a Yorkshireman;
A fly would sup up any man's beer, so would a Yorkshireman;
A falcon will get all he can, so will a Yorkshireman;
A flitch of bacon is best hung, and so is a Yorkshireman."

Such a motto and coat of arms would be stoutly repudiated by the younger generation of Yorkshiremen, and especially by the town-dwellers among them, but the whole does sum up the atmosphere in which Toc H Yorkshire is struggling to gain a footing.

The *homo stultus* (as Aloysius Horne calls him) is by nature inclined to get all he can for as little as possible, but the grim humour which enables him to laugh at himself is a grace which can convert that selfishness into unstinted generosity and kindness once his suspicion of a new thing is allayed and his allegiance won. It is this reluctance to commit himself which makes a Yorkshireman wise in calling all men and things "comers in" until their origin has been lost in obscurity, but once his confidence is gained and his plighted word is given, the Yorkshireman will never fail either the man or the cause.

Toc H in Yorkshire is still a "comer in." We can, therefore, look with confidence towards a progress that will be slow but persistent as the ideas become grasped and the ideals absorbed. Curiously enough, the grimmest parts of this grim county—Halifax, Spen Valley, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Hull—were first to catch the torch and hold it high. These were followed quickly by Leeds, Rotherham, Dewsbury, Goole and York, and not a year has passed without some fresh lamp "shining out clearly in the sight of all men." The year 1929-1930 has been one of considerable growth. The light has passed from town to town and village to village until there are now 54 registered units and many more "gropes" and "contacts" which contain some fine material for the Toc H of the future.

But it is not by its growth that Toc H 1930 will chiefly be known, but by its ready desire to put its house in order. Hitherto, we have sprawled haphazard, "ganging our own gait," living our own Branch or Group lives, unrelated in any definite way to the whole family in Yorkshire. H.Q. was far away in London. And we, rejoicing in our licence, have done

the best we could to live Toc H as we saw it. This year, however, we have been schooling ourselves to accept authority—no easy task in our Protestant world. We have now become fully equipped with a whole-time staff; we have an Area Executive, and a chain of District Teams throughout the Area, each responsible for the managing and developing of Toc H in its district; the leaders of our Branches and Groups have been joining in a series of Training Courses—one a month for the last eleven months—and have come back with a fresh sense of what Toc H fellowship means, and a clearer vision of our aims; the probationary period for membership has been voluntarily raised to six months; and gropes are almost too cautious in their application for their Rushlights.

All this reorganisation has entailed an immense amount of petrol and spare time, steady patience and persistent work willingly given by voluntary organisers and secretaries, which is deserving of the highest praise. To win through to the liberty of the spirit by way of authority is no easy task, and Branches and Groups, half learned in Toc H, have sometimes found it hard to accept even the offering of a journey by car or bus in wind and rain made on their behalf. It is now, however, true to say that the house is swept and garnished, and full enough of the spirit of Toc H to prevent the entrance of any devils.

The calibre of the membership is steadily rising, and though here and there the weakness is only too apparent, there is a sturdiness running through it all which will not be gainsaid when obstacles obstruct the path.

And many an obstacle there is to obstruct our advance. The name of one of the Lions upon Hill Difficulty is Finance, and a grisly monster he seems, for we must rely for our existence upon just those basic industries which are suffering most under the present trade depression. When coal and steel, wool and agriculture are the means of livelihood, there is little money available for rents of rooms, travelling expenses, and other necessities of family life; and in an area where 15.4 per cent. of the metal trades, 24.7 per cent. of the wool trade, 23.8 per cent. of the coal trade, and 29.3 per cent. of the iron and steel trade are out of employment, the prospect of raising even £350 per annum for the whole-time staff is daunting. The munificent gift of Lord Brotherton has reduced our commitments to that comparatively small sum, and to our shame we must still rely upon London to make the present work possible. However, Bunyan on approaching found the lions chained, and who knows if a strong Outer Guard of Builders will not ensure during the coming months the passing of our Financial Leo without fear.

In spite of our handicap there are some fine things being done. September saw the completion of an intricate piece of personal service work in Leeds, hitherto carried out single-handed, but now undertaken by a picked team of six men who give up every night in the week to the work. Until this work was conceived there was no kind of co-ordination amongst the many societies in that great city bent upon good works. It was discovered that there were well over 100 societies, amongst which the bewildered applicant quite often lost his way. By personal visitation of these societies a chain of friendship has been established, its lock within the doors of Red House, East Street, so that the distressed father or mother, husband or wife, boy or girl, may now call there for information and be passed on to that society which is their immediate concern. The heading to the Jobmasters' appendix runs as follows: "This list (of societies), lengthy as it may be, is not, and is not intended to be, exhaustive. It may be exhausting—but it is something to *work* on!"

One interesting development of the plan for "helping all existing societies" is taking place in Sheffield. Some time ago the visiting of hospitals, and the supply of books to the patients was undertaken with some qualms by the Branch. That service has now been so extended that a dozen hospitals in the city are thus ministered to. Our services have been recognised by the hospital authorities, and a grant of money and a supply of books made; but most important of all, a team which is not entirely composed of Toc H members has begun on the work.

Perhaps it may be possible as the value of the work becomes permanently recognised, to hand over the whole of this work to the hospital authorities, so that our men may be released for the conquering of fresh fields.

The visitation of the sick is indeed a "Gospel job," but even more honourable perhaps is the visiting of those in prison. For this, men must be hand-picked by those in authority. Neither milksop nor bull-neck are acceptable for this most delicate work, for the prison visitor must seek to combine compassion with common sense, the two virtues cemented by an unfailing regularity. Not all our membership is fit for the task, but by degrees men are being found both ready and able to assist in that great experiment in prison reform—Wakefield Gaol.

Another experiment in friendship has been going on in the Derbyshire Hills, this time in the form of hospitality to ramblers and other lovers of the open air. The tide of youth flowing from the towns during the week-ends swells week by week. Rejoicing in their freedom, they roam at will over moor and glen. At Hope, a hostel has been opened where a doss-down may be most cheaply had, but this hostel is more than a rest billet; an attempt is made to make it a home. The whole is in charge of the local district committee, and the local Branch of Toc H arrange that some members shall always be on duty at their service. And so the Toc H "House Father" is becoming widely known and the infection of Christian comradeship is imparted. This may be the forerunner of many such hostels, and so rich friendships may become established between rambling and Toc H. Experiments have also been made with Ramblers' Services, informal, on the hill side, like the Covenanters of old. Our last attempt for this year was made on October 5, at Froggatt Bridge, which was so well received that we are hoping to tackle the problem systematically next year. A picked team was consecrated to the task at the Altar upon the Sunday morning: a family breakfast afterwards fortified us for the work ahead. Then out in cars to the Bridge; hymn sheets to passers by, and a choir formed, a short talk upon "The finding of God," and so on to seek Him in these hills for themselves.

In the course of his great speech at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, last December, Tubby spoke many words most true, but perhaps one of the truest was this: "Real men are much more drawn to Toc H by hearing that it is struggling, than hearing that it is successful." That fact we have most frankly faced in all our thinking, in all our planning, and—what is still more difficult—in all our execution of these plans. More especially in the Mark has this been so. Four Houses are ours, in Leeds, Sheffield, Halifax, and Hull. One of these through sheer merit has been promoted to Mark status under able leadership, two of the other three have been reduced temporarily to the status of hostel until they feel themselves strong enough once more to fulfil adequately that work. This step has been no executioner's work on the part of the powers that be, but has been at the request of the hostellers themselves. Such a spirit need not wait long for its reward. It is that kind of self-imposed discipline which is beginning to run like a thin red strand right through the Branches and Groups, a sense of grim determination to find out what is at the heart of Toc H, together with a quiet unblinking facing of the facts, which gives those to whom has been entrusted the tremendous privilege of serving the Family in this Area such confidence and joy. I suppose it is always true that those who are sent to teach will stay to learn, it is true at any rate of those who have been allowed to serve full time; for the daily revelations of the glory of Everyman, and his immeasurable capacity for forgiving our blunders, have filled us with the knowledge of our own unworthiness. Yet we dare to long for a close partnership between the Area Staff and the whole family of Yorkshire. There is so much to be done. Whole tracts of country have not yet heard of Toc H. Villages in peaceful slumber, towns in busy and supercilious turmoil, await the Light. New contacts we hear of in many a place, lone souls longing for Groups to be formed that they may have some company upon their pilgrimage, yet we dare not press too fast for foundations must be well and truly laid.

In spite of all our activities—dividends by which we may be known—it is the art of fellowship which is our chief concern. It is the fellowship of opposites which is the unique contribution of Toc H to the world's need, and we are beginning to realise that this fellowship is itself an art most subtle and fascinating in its evolution : that family nights and Guest-nights by careful planning become the supreme Branch job ; that District Committees by fellowship and work become moulded into teams for the care and development of the families in their district ; and above all, that it is no strange fancy but a fact of real life that so many varieties of men may live and work " in the wills of men."

Meanwhile, we are looking forward with great excitement to the first Yorkshire Christmas Party, to be held in Leeds during the week-end of December 20 and 21.

The programme is as follows :—

Saturday, December 20.

5.30 p.m. ... Thanksgiving Service in Leeds Parish Church. Preacher : The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Whitby.
7 p.m. ... Christmas Party in Cafés.
8 p.m. ... A Guest-night in Leeds Town Hall. L.W.H. invited.

Sunday, December 21.

8 a.m. ... Holy Communion, Anglican and Free Church.
10.30 a.m. ... Eight pulpits occupied by Toc H Padres.
3 p.m. ... Toc H Party.

Members will be having full details sent to them later, but it is hoped that all will book the date and strain every nerve to come. It is the first chance we shall have had of coming together and seeing each other as an Area. Can we do it ? Long years ago the geographers, faced with the dimensions of our country, divided us into Ridings ; but we cannot be stopped by geographers from uniting in one family. A Riding need not only be an administrative division, it may also be a wooded, grass-grown glade where lovers walk, and men may meet as friends.

So come along, and leap all bounds to meet some who would call you more than fellow member and would have you with them in thanksgiving for a mercy that endures.

A. St. G. C.



CORPORATE COMMUNIONS

There is no parallel in present London for the astounding gatherings on the two weekday mornings of Ascension Day and All Hallowmas. Five hundred and fifty communicants, mainly men, and most of them on the sunny side of thirty, came together at 7.15 a.m. on Saturday, November 1. Soon after 8 a.m. they passed across to the A.B.C. to breakfast, meeting there another growing body of their fellow-members who had attended the Free Church Communion in Talbot House, Trinity Square. Thence they passed out to work with a new sense of courage.

Only a handful now are survivors from Poperinghe days. Others, now senior members, first came when these two Corporate Communions were still held in old Mark I Chapel. Many came this year for the first time in their experience, and went away amazed, and, as one said during the afternoon, " still tingling with the Fact."

T.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

A Note from the Overseas Office

IN the early days of the Overseas' work, Tubby expressed the hope that a time would come when no fellow could leave these shores without first being offered the advice and help of experienced Overseas' men at home, and the genuine friendship of Toc H at the other end. Undoubtedly, this is a pretty tall order, but the value of such work is recognised by everyone, especially by men with much Overseas' experience behind them. This, therefore, is one of the main functions of the Overseas' Office, and at present we are necessarily climbing not far from the bottom of the ladder. Our ultimate success depends to a large extent upon the active good will of the membership of Toc H, and here are three suggestions we would ask you both to consider and to act upon, if you can:—

(1) Units and individual members of Toc H at home should be constantly on the alert for any men, whether in Toc H or not, who are going to new posts Overseas, and pass on their names and addresses to us at the Overseas' Office as quickly as possible. There is no suggestion at all that such non-members should join Toc H—we are not out to "tout" for membership, but simply to offer the services of Toc H for them to accept or ignore, as they wish.

(2) We would like all home units to think out carefully, and to supply us with, the names and addresses of any organizations in their own district, other than business firms, who send men out overseas. We can get to know of business firms by other means. We refer to such organizations as Mining, Agricultural, and Engineering Colleges, Universities and Colleges, Appointments Bureaux, Colonial Courses, Railway Companies; in fact, all whose exports are not mainly goods, but men!

(3) Obviously the actual working of the scheme abroad need not rest solely with Branches and Groups, for there must be many scores of Toc H men from home and overseas in all parts of the World, who would gladly "stand by" a newcomer, if they knew their attentions were really welcome. Units of Toc H everywhere are therefore asked to unlock the family records, and rack the family brains, and to send us the names and addresses of all past members or probationers who have gone to parts Overseas, where the Movement does not at present exist, in order that they too may be given a more definite opportunity for practical service. It will enable us also to send them good greetings from time to time, and, who knows, to put them in the way of forming small groups of men who are all out to welcome the newcomer.

At first sight these three requests may be regarded as more unnecessary work for already over-worked secretaries, but actually this commendation idea is not merely important, it is vital.

The Overseas Office, 42 Trinity Square, E.C.3.

Africa

The Natal Times of September has an interesting competition, which has given rise to many discussions in Branches and Groups, and may help many members to plan out their spare time and to take stock of where they now stand. It takes the form of a ballot on the order which the following interests should make claim on a member's time: physical games, politics, church, wife or sweetheart, Toc H, serious reading, mental relaxation, care of health, and friends. Though the competition is confined to South Africa, it is a question which every member, whatever the verdict he come to, will gain much by thinking out. The Natal Coastal District has decided to hold regular Conferences of its Pilots and Padres combined, and of its Secretaries and Jobmasters, a feature of which will be joint sessions for all these leaders. The first was

held in camp at Warner's Beach. The racial question in Natal is one of tremendous importance and on which better opinion and feeling can be created only by frank and fair-minded discussion, so that it is very good to hear that PIETERMARITZBURG CENTRAL have recently heard an Indian give an account of the life and some of the disabilities of the Hindu community in South Africa. The CITY, in the same connection, gave a hand in the organising of the big Native Sports and Gala held at the beginning of August. IXOPO have laid themselves out to do some good civic work in the cleaning up their town, and plan to lay out flowerbeds and gravelled walks in the Court House Square, and plant trees along their unpaved streets.

In *Rhodesia*, GWELO have obtained a free lease of the old Roads Dept. Buildings and are now busy furnishing. On the first of August, a party of nine motored from SALISBURY to Marandellas, fifty miles away, to throw in their weight at a pioneer meeting.

CRADOCK, in the *Eastern Province*, has made another step towards their pet project of an "Everyman's Club." They have now been given a billiard table, and the Club will be housed in the Toc H Hall, which has newly received a coat of paint. ADELAIDE held a very successful social evening on September 11, with many Dutch guests present, and a bilingual dialogue.

North and South America

At the Annual General Meeting of MANHATTAN Group, New York City, on October 6, Tubby's cousin, Cecil Le Mesurier, was unanimously elected Jobmaster for the coming year. The Group has once again found living quarters for itself, this time at 28, West 51st Street, but it looks as though this home may be only temporary, as Mr. Rockefeller also thought the site a good one and now intends to build his "Radio City" on this and the two adjoining blocks. They plan to keep the down-town office as Area Headquarters as long as Sir Ashley Sparkes is kind enough to allow the use of it. The Ship Boy's Club prospers and goes forward, and the Group want the rest of the Family to know that Toc H in N.Y. is on the "up grade."

TORONTO Branch and EAST Group have for many weeks spent their summer Saturday afternoons helping Padre Walton to build a new Mission Hall. They have also heard the stories brought back by two of their members, one of whom has been making a trip in the U.S., including visits to most of the Groups on that side of the border, while the other has sampled Toc H all over England. The comparisons furnished an interesting evening. The last week in September, Toronto, mustering 40, paid a happy long-distance call on HAMILTON Group.

CRADOCK Branch, Valparaiso, have recently been through six of the busiest weeks of their history, and in the course of them raised £250 for various objects, including the British and American Hospital, the Anglican Episcopal Church Corporation, and the schools of Father Treacy. A successful amateur show, of which the propaganda and administrative work was in the hands of Toc H, accounted for much of this. During the visit of H.M.S. *Dragon* to the port, a Dinner and Ball was organised and the sailors entertained in many ways, while the Ship's Concert Party returned the compliment by giving an entertainment in aid of St. Dunstan's and the Seamen's Mission. SANTIAGO held their Birthday Festival on November 1.

Europe

The development of the young HAMBURG Grope is quite satisfactory, and the increasing number of people who are attending the meetings regularly shows best that the seed has not fallen on barren soil. As their first real job they have decided to collect periodicals and magazines for distribution amongst the inmates of the Hamburg hospitals. It has been found extraordinarily difficult to find the right social jobs and in this respect the Grope have been well supported by a few English Toc H members, some of whom regularly attend meetings. Franz-Heinrich Cordts, Schellingstrasse 9, Hamburg 23, will be glad to give any information to those interested.